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ALL THE LA FOLLETTE NEWS is good news. Iowa is so certain for La Follette that, according to reliable reports, a group of the leading Wall Street financiers was hastily called together at a luncheon in mid-September, at which they pledged a large sum of money to buy Iowa back for Coolidge. But the most amazing news comes from California. At the outset of the campaign no one dared hope that this reactionary State would turn toward La Follette. The early optimism of Rudolph Spreckels, the La Follette manager, was readily discounted, but the Hearst and *Literary Digest* polls show an amazing turning to La Follette, even in Los Angeles. More than that, Gus Karger, the anti-La Follette correspondent of the Taft Cincinnati paper, wires from California that the State is now La Follette's. In New York the tide is turning from Coolidge. There Representative John D. Clark, of Delaware County, who upheld the President throughout the last session of Congress, was defeated for renomination, while Hamilton Fish, Jr., who opposed the President and was violently attacked during the primary campaign for not being regular, was triumphantly renominated. Chairman Shaver's admission that if the election were held today it would go into the House is further convincing proof of the growth of the La Follette movement. Even in a border State like Maryland the amount of support for La Follette is causing the Davis managers the greatest concern. The tidal wave is growing.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE'S opening speech at Madison Square Garden, New York City, demonstrated that he is in powerful voice, in vigorous health, and ready for an aggressive campaign. In his attacks upon Calvin Coolidge he was particularly effective, and his analysis of the evolution of the Supreme Court's super-legislative position was a powerful demonstration of the need of curbing that dangerous body. Striking, indeed, was the response to his statement of what the war had meant to the world and to his own pledge to work to outlaw war—to no other sentiment did the vast audience respond as enthusiastically. That can be matched at every La Follette meeting; there is every evidence that peace-lovers throughout the country are turning to this man of peace with the certainty that if he is elected he will stand four-square for the outlawry of war. As for the Senator's economic proposals, there was nothing new in them, and, as our readers are aware, they are not as thoroughgoing as we should like. Why cannot so honest and brave a man, bent on destroying monopoly and the trusts, perceive the necessity of free trade? Until all protective tariffs are removed other measures are mere palliatives. Behind the tariff privilege of every kind is intrenched. None the less, we welcome Senator La Follette's serious discussion of economic problems; he is forcing people to think, however unwillingly, upon the fundamental issues.

HARRY DAUGHERTY was afraid. After months of bluster and braggadocio he did not dare take the witness-stand publicly and face questions on his record. He cowered behind a technicality. He is not the kind of man who fights in the open. Twice he has exposed himself as the slimiest kind of fighter. Once he conferred with the secretary and another employee of the Republican National Committee; the latter forthwith departed for Montana and arranged with a federal office-holder to have Burton K. Wheeler indicted on trumped-up evidence. Senator Borah's committee investigated and reported that Mr. Wheeler had "observed at all times not only the letter but the spirit of the law." Daugherty lapsed for a time into silence, appearing in the newspapers only in connection with his brother's fight to keep their bank accounts from examination. Now he plays another card. One of the many witnesses who testified to the rottenness and corruption in his department was Gaston B. Means, a former department employee, an intimate of Daugherty and friend of Andrew Mellon. Mr. Means was under indictment in New York for violation of the liquor laws. No sooner had he appeared against Daugherty than the prosecution was pressed. Means was convicted and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He told Senator Wheeler that he had no money with which to appeal, and that a representative of Daugherty had approached him promising relief if he would repudiate his testimony. Wheeler told him to do as his conscience bade him. Now, in the midst of the campaign, Daugherty produces an alleged repudiation —which Means, somewhat equivocally, repudiates in its turn. This suspicious set of circumstances should be


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cleared up. Has Daugherty still influence enough in the administration of justice to arrange reprieves for men who perjure themselves to do his bidding and help his political associates?

ADD CURTIS WILBUR'S NAME to the list of misfits in the Harding-Coolidge Cabinet. Fall and Daugherty, the uncleanest of the crew, are gone, and the stupid Denby too. Curtis Wilbur has proved his unfitness for public office by his wild and foolish speeches. Mr. Wilbur is at least transparently honest. There is no guile or subtlety in these words of his San Francisco speech:

> The navy is of particular importance to the Pacific Coast . . . because of the belief that the last acts of the drama of civilization will occur in and around the Pacific Ocean. . . . [Then, immediately after referring to the Japanese exclusion:] It has been a great personal satisfaction for me to come down the coast with 14,000 sailors wearing the American uniform in ships adequate for their own protection and for the protection of our coasts, both East and West, from the aggression of any people influenced, as all people may be, by some extension of the mob spirit, some outburst of passion, or some real or fancied insult. There is nothing so cooling to a hot temper as a piece of cold steel.

This is good, old-fashioned saber-rattling militarism 100 per cent pure. We are glad that President Coolidge yanked Secretary Wilbur off the speaking platform; we are only sorry that he lacked the courage to admit his decent action.

"NICHOLAS MIRACULOUS" BUTLER, president of Columbia University, can be, when the fit is on him, a fire-eating orator. Something in Senator La Follette's proposal to modify the dictatorial power of the Supreme Court lit the fires within his breast. He was particularly excited by La Follette's statement that

> A century and a half ago our forefathers shed their blood in order that they might establish on this continent a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed, in which the will of the people, expressed through their duly elected representatives, should be sovereign.

Without stopping to reread the Declaration of Independence Mr. Butler shouted that "Our forefathers did nothing of the sort. They took good care to do something quite different." The power of judicial review, he continued, "constitutes America's greatest single contribution to the cause of free government." The forefathers, one might suggest, would be even more surprised than we to hear it. Nicholas boldly challenged the enemy. "If they are looking for a fight on that issue," he said, "we are prepared to give it to them and it will be a fight to a finish." The finish came very soon. Norman Thomas, Socialist and Farmer-Labor candidate for Governor of New York, promptly challenged Mr. Butler to debate. But the fire in Mr. Butler's breast had died. "I don't intend to meet the gentleman," was all he had to say.

A SINISTER FIGURE has bobbed up again in the new commander of the American Legion, Colonel, or General, James A. Drain. Once chief of ordnance of the State of Washington, Drain arrived in Washington in 1905 as editor of *Arms and the Man*, under a guaranty of $2,500 a year for two years, made by the representatives of a cartridge company. *Arms and the Man* blossomed richly upon the advertising of all the large powder companies; and General Drain became a member of the National Militia Board and of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, which promptly recommended the purchase of four or five million rounds of cartridges from private companies for testing in competition with one million rounds of government-made ammunition. General Drain was also president of the National Rifle Association, which carried on its propaganda by use of a government franking privilege, to which it was in no way entitled, part of the salary of its press and publicity agent being openly paid by the ammunition-makers. In the passage of the Dick militia bill, the first eventful step toward nationalizing our militia and making it an instrument of propaganda for the federal military machine, General Drain also played a large part. He was as active a professional militarist as we have ever seen in Washington. His career is clear evidence that our existing militarism has largely been engineered by the interests which profit by armaments. He served as a colonel of ordnance in France and is the first non-fighting man to reach the headship of the Legion, which has so far lost ground that fewer than 1,000 votes were cast at its annual convention.

EXCEPT IN THE EVENT OF BATTLE, murder, or sudden death India hardly appears on the horizon of American news. Our knowledge of that strange land is a series of shocking incidents—whether of great beauty or great horror. The Black Hole of Calcutta, Amritsar, the Akali trouble, Tagore, Gandhi. Yet significant though seemingly unimportant events are occurring with great rapidity. Gandhi's non-violent non-cooperation has given way in popular favor to the more active political obstructionism of the Swarajists under the leadership of Das and Nehru. As a result the Central Provinces and Bengal have refused to vote the salaries of ministers. In Bengal the Governing Council has been prorogued and the departments taken over by the Governor, Lord Lytton. Triumphantly the Swarajists have declared that the continuation of dyarchy has been made impossible. They have repudiated the Montagu-Chelmsford reform scheme with its plan for gradual transference of one department after another to Indian rule "as they prove themselves capable of governing." The Swarajists are now demanding a conference which will draw up a new constitution providing for a "federation of self-governing Indian states" with a central government having certain fiscal and military powers. Mr. MacDonald has expressed himself emphatically as unwilling to be coerced by the Indian extremists. Yet in all probability the Labor Government if it remains in power will arrange such a conference as soon as it can turn from European affairs. Eventually Great Britain will have to move toward greater freedom in India for her own good as well as India's.

KANSAS ALWAYS HAS a surprise up its sleeve to keep current history from getting dull. The latest is the announcement that William Allen White, editor of the Emporia *Gazette*, is to run as an independent for the governorship because he regards both the Republican and Democratic nominees as tools of the Ku Klux Klan. In his own energetic language Mr. White says:

> I am proud of my State, and the thought that Kansas should have a government beholden to this hooded gang of

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> masked fanatics, ignorant and tyrannical in their ruthless oppression, is what calls me out of the pleasant joy of my life and into this distasteful but necessary task.

This is straight talk, but it is nothing to what the Klan has said of Mr. White. For instance, the Enid (Oklahoma) *Fish Hook* recently called him a "doodlewad shot," adding: "He likes a dollar so well that if a fly were to light on a dollar of his money he would catch him and scrape his legs." Upon reading this the staff of the Emporia *Gazette* did not rebuke the *Fish Hook*. On the contrary they—we suspect "they" were "Bill" White himself—wrote:

> The downtrodden and oppressed force of the *Gazette* that has to live with this old whangdoodle and listen to his preterbatious scandulations have felt for some time that this town ought to have the truth about him. . . . He is the kind of affercascious old salamander who would spread stories about his own family to peluverate in the ignitious profits.

Between now and Election Day there promises to be a soul-stirring battle of words in breezy Kansas.

THE GOOSE-STEP in our schools goes merrily forward. We take the following from the program prepared for "American Education Week" (November 17 to 23, inclusive) by the American Legion, the National Education Association, and the United States Bureau of Education:

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1924

CONSTITUTION DAY

The Constitution is the bulwark of democracy and happiness.

1. Life, liberty, justice, security, and opportunity.
2. How our Constitution guarantees these rights.
3. Revolutionists, communists, and extreme pacifists are a menace to these guaranties.
4. One Constitution, one Union, one flag, one history.

Slogans—*Ballots, not bullets*
*Master the English language*
*Visit the schools today*

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1924

PATRIOTISM DAY

The United States flag is the living symbol of the ideals and institutions of our Republic.

1. The red flag means death, destruction, poverty, starvation, disease, anarchy, and dictatorship.
2. Help the immigrants and aliens to become American citizens.
3. Take an active interest in governmental affairs.
4. Stamp out revolutionary radicalism.
5. To vote is the primary duty of the patriot.

Slogans—*America first*
*The red flag means danger*
*Visit the schools today*

EUROPEANS MAY GENUINELY ADMIRE the American girl and may come to tolerate the American sky-scraper, but there is one thing which they simply cannot swallow at all—they cannot conceive how anyone pretending to be a civilized human being can eat corn on the cob. Americans have boasted of this succulent and flavorful food all over the world, but they have left the world amazed and uncomprehending. Even the technique of this great American indoor sport is only dimly comprehended, as witness a recent note on the subject in the *Manchester Guardian*. The writer, who refers to the dish as "corn on cob," says:

> The spikes of unripe maize are boiled as a vegetable until quite soft, and then served on long dishes, bathed in butter. A silver handle, somewhat like an ordinary meat-skewer, is inserted at each end of the spike. Both hands are employed, one at each end, to hold the spike in position while one eats. It is well, for obvious reasons, to see that the dish is exactly below the mouth during the operation.

Probably it would shock the *Guardian* writer irretrievably to learn that his "silver handle" would be tossed aside with scorn by any real lover of "corn on cob," and that the actual technique is far more primitive than he suggests. We were delighted to learn that President Coolidge served corn on the cob to the Prince of Wales, but if he seriously wants to get in a masterstroke for world understanding he should call an International Conference on Eating Corn on the Cob to clear this matter up.

A GIFTED AND CHARMING LECTURER was lost to America by the sudden death of Charles Zueblin as a result of overexerting himself while climbing in Switzerland. Of most attractive personality and rare charm of manner, he preached modern liberal thought and political progress in so skilled a way that his varied audiences often failed to realize the radical character of much that he gave them. Founder of the Northwestern University Settlement in Chicago as far back as 1891, he was an instructor and professor at the University of Chicago from 1892 until 1908. For three years editor of the *Twentieth Century Magazine*, he was a contributor to most of the intellectual journals of the country, writing always from the ethical point of view on behalf of reform and progress. An ardent supporter of the League of Nations, he was in Switzerland to attend the present sessions of the Assembly, working to further the admission of Germany and Russia to its membership. America swarms with lecturers, but among them is no finer spirit and no truer patriot than was Charles Zueblin.

THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY of Edward Carpenter, on August 29 of this year, was the occasion in England for a survey and evaluation of his life's work. He emerges from the discussion an important and a curiously interesting man—a writer mild yet powerful, a prophet serene yet destructive, a critic of modern society who is half lyric poet and half philosopher. His coming to America and meeting Walt Whitman in 1877 first made him articulate, and he is often compared with the author of "Leaves of Grass"; but he is scarcely so potent a force, though he has a more critical mind. Returning to England, he developed a set of ideas which gradually took shape in "Towards Democracy," his earliest book and in many ways his most representative. In the intervals of experiments at the simple life he has produced a number of volumes which are all but classics. He was one of the first writers in England or elsewhere to treat frankly and rationally of sex; he examined the doctrines of human freedom and human equality; he revolted entirely against the industrial civilization in which he found himself. He still may mean much to a world which needs purity and calmness of vision above all things. In the interviews which he gave out on his birthday he congratulated England upon its Labor Government, and he declared that the only solution for the most pressing of modern problems—population—is not murder or war but birth control.

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# A Lawyer for President? What Lawyer?

ROSCOE POUND, dean of the Harvard Law School, has epitomized the preponderating place of lawyers in the public affairs of the country. They are, he says, "intrenched in the State House and Senate House." There are 320 lawyers among the 527 members of Congress. We are governed by lawyers, and hardly any question of public policy is more important than that involved in the candidacy of John W. Davis and in his own view of his profession. May a lawyer's acts in private practice be considered when he seeks public office?

The issue was presented when Senator Walsh, in notifying John W. Davis of his nomination, referred to and sought to meet the criticism that "you have been employed professionally as a lawyer by gigantic business interests whose policy and conduct have aroused quite general indignation, have repeatedly been the subject of the severest censure by the press, of investigation by the courts and Congress." Mr. Davis replied that "the answer to any criticism on that score must come . . . from the more than one hundred thousand other honest patriotic men and women who make up the legal profession in this country." Subsequently, he refused to discuss the bearing of his private law practice on his qualification for the Presidency. The bar itself has not answered for him. The answer must be given by the public. If the lawyers are to have immunity from the tests applied to all other candidates for office the reasons for such immunity must satisfy not alone the bar, but the people as a whole.

One of the tests applied to candidates is universally accepted in both private and public affairs. If a merchant goes to Mr. Davis's client, the Guaranty Trust Company, and asks for credit, the bank examines that merchant's record. When the New York Telephone Company was looking for a lawyer to help it obtain an increase in rates, it retained Davis because his record spelled ability and prestige. Similarly, a voter considers a candidate's record.

That record is studied with reference to the candidate's qualification for the particular place for which he has been nominated. If J. P. Morgan were a candidate for city comptroller he might get votes which would be denied to him as a contestant for the Presidency. If the head of the Santa Fe Railroad were nominated for the Presidency, progressives would little regard his domestic virtues as against the fact that his road was one of the die-hard injunction-using companies. Scholarship, dignity, Virginia-bred courtesy, desirable as these are, would not get liberal votes for a West Virginia coal operator who had clubbed labor unions with the injunction, the anti-trust act, or contempt proceedings. The recent outcry against Mr. Dawes for his connection with the Lorimer bank means that banker-candidates for public office must have at least honest records.

If a business man's private actions against the public interest are deemed relevant to his availability for political trusteeship, why should not the same be true of the lawyer? It will be appropriate to take, as an illustration, the lawyer who has precipitated this issue. Mr. Davis's client wanted to have union men jailed, and Mr. Davis helped in the contempt proceedings to jail them. His client wanted to collect triple damages from the miners' union, and Mr. Davis sought to show how to extend the use of the anti-trust act against labor unions for this purpose. A telephone company wanted to raise its charges, and Mr. Davis fought to get the increase, and to that end he urged valuation principles and methods opposed to the public good.

In some, though not in all, such cases a distinction can be made between the motive of the client and the motive of the lawyer. The client wanted the union men jailed because it wanted to break a strike. The lawyer may have had no such motive; his primary object may have been simply to earn his fee; but he knew, no less than his client, that the direct consequence of his act as lawyer would be to break the strike. The underlying motive of both was the same—money, power, or self-interest.

Various other distinctions which might be advanced do not apply to the broad issue presented to the bar and the public by Mr. Davis's candidacy. A lawyer who has at one time served against the public may forswear such service and prove his loyalty to the people's cause. A lawyer may serve, in other matters, a client some of whose business practices should bar him from the Presidency; that would not necessarily affect the fitness of the lawyer for public office. Of course he may not help a man commit a crime, but to help an accused person to preserve his personal liberty is not the same thing. The issue Mr. Davis's candidacy raises falls within none of these categories. His firm is a real part of the Morgan machine in the Morgan business—the connection between the two firms is intimate, it is constant, it has been riveted by years and years of companionship. This is substantial enough, but it is not all. Mr. Davis and his firm were associated also with the Kuhn-Loeb interest, the second largest financial house in America; with the Guaranty Trust Company, the largest bank of its kind in the country; with great railroads and industrial companies and public utilities. Here was a law practice at the center of the powers of imperialism, of industrial autocracy, and of the great "money trust." Mr. Davis's relation to these financial powers is exceptionally intimate. This fact may make the Davis example an unusually severe test of the problem he confidently propounded to the entire bar; but the extreme case of Mr. Davis and his own firm indicates how dangerous can be the doctrine that lawyers who seek public office should not be judged by their deeds in private practice.

It is fortunate that, if the issue was to be raised at all, it arose as it did. It gained an instant importance from the man who proposed the question, a leader of the American bar, an ex-president of the American Bar Association, a candidate for the Presidency of the republic. The urbanity, the agreeableness of this lawyer and of his professional associates strip the issue of the merely personal aspects and leave only the professional.

An answer was asked by the leader of lawyers from the lawyers themselves. Let the lawyers answer. Will they claim a privilege, an immunity which must in the long run drive them from public office? Or will they heed the words of America's greatest legal scholar: "It is no accident that the legal profession is more than ordinarily under criticism at present. . . . A period of growth is at hand and men are more sensitive to contrast between the legal and the moral."

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# The Way to Disarm

A NEW wave of optimism is sweeping over Europe. It finds its expression in the serious attempts to work out a program of disarmament at Geneva. Never, since the Hague conferences—unless in the restricted discussions at Washington—has the problem of disarmament so won the limelight of the world's attention. Pacifists and theorists have argued about it; statesmen and politicians have shrugged their shoulders and remarked "Yes, it would be ideal, but . . ." Today at last the prime ministers are awakening to the realization that unless they can solve the problem of this ideal all their other achievements will be wiped out.

It is a great forward step that the League is inviting all the nations of the world—Germany, Soviet Russia, and the United States included—to a disarmament conference next June. Unless all the great nations which are potential military Powers participate in such a conference it will be foredoomed to sterility. If the correspondents rightly predict that the French Government will offer no opposition to the proposal to admit Germany to the League and give her a permanent seat on the Council, there is still more cause for rejoicing. Nothing, however, so imperils progress as a too facile optimism. It is not enough that the minds of men in high position are at last puzzling over the if's and how's of disarmament. At Geneva last week two fundamentally opposed theories of disarmament and security clashed, and there is danger that the discussion may simply accentuate the contrast between these two views and render progress more difficult.

Ramsay MacDonald faced the issue squarely in his opening address. The Cecil-Requin Treaty of Mutual Assistance, which the British Government rejected, had made provisions for mutual assistance in case of war the basis of the move for disarmament. "We believe," said Mr. MacDonald,

> that a military alliance in an agreement for security is like a grain of mustard seed, small to begin with; that is the essential seed of the agreement, and that seed with the years will grow until at last the tree that has been produced from it will overshadow the heavens, and we shall be back exactly in the military position in which we found ourselves in 1914. . . . The danger of supreme importance which is facing us now is that national security should be regarded merely as a military problem based on the predominance of force.

Mr. MacDonald therefore urged that the nations begin by agreements for general arbitration rather than by attempts to win security by military means. "The essential condition of security and peace," he said, "is justice, which must be allowed to speak. That is arbitration." And he proposed, in substance, an agreement for obligatory arbitration.

In his reply, generous-spirited as it was, M. Herriot made clear the fundamental flaw in French policy. It relies on force. It refuses to admit that there is any safety without predominant force.

> You cannot have justice without some force behind it. . . . We must make what is mighty just, and what is just mighty, if we are to give the peoples what they desire, if we are to save them from a repetition of their sufferings. We must realize that we have to provide for their security. . . . Arbitration, security, and disarmament are inseparable.

Those were warm-hearted words, very different from the utterances of a Poincaré. But behind them lurks the same old fallacy of reliance upon physical force. Translated into concrete terms, as they were by the French delegation at Geneva, those words meant a military alliance to preserve the *status quo*. That may not be what M. Herriot intended by them, but it is the interpretation given by the French Foreign Office and by the Paris press. It is the meaning followed in the discussions at Geneva by the representatives of the Little Entente, including that astute prop of French continental policy, Mr. Benes, the Czech Foreign Minister. Lord Parmoor so understood them when he sagely replied that in the last century some 700 arbitral decisions had been made but that in none of these arbitrations had any adequate force or "sanction" been provided. Yet he could find no single case in which the award or decision of arbitration had not been accepted.

If the French insist upon military or naval sanctions as part of the program for disarmament they will arouse that fear of the League as a super-state which has caused so much antagonism not only in the United States but elsewhere. The British Government hastily disavowed Lord Parmoor when he rashly suggested that the British navy might be used as part of an international law-enforcement force. Security is a shy and evasive thing; it resides in the minds and hearts of men, not in alliances and armaments. That is the lesson which nations must learn. Military security for one nation must always imply a threat to another. The way to disarm is to disarm; the way to peace is through arbitration; the only permanent security rests in mutual confidence.

# Livy at Last?

PROFESSOR MARIO DE MARTINO-FUSIO'S alleged discovery of the lost 107 books of Livy has won more newspaper space than one might have expected. Most people who have been compelled to read even a few of the thirty-five extant books probably considered that an imposition. But the news achieved a place among the wise-cracks of the columnists, and that is one of the most coveted modern marks of distinction. These same books have more than once stirred passionate interest; they have been a will-o'-the-wisp for centuries. They raised and dashed the hopes of many an eager searcher in the days when, at the height of the worship of newly discovered antiquity, it was more common for loyal members of the church to doubt the value of the Holy Scripture than the inestimable value of the classics, when even ecclesiastics were afraid to read Saint Paul lest familiarity with his rudeness should spoil that greatest of human attainments, a good style.

When Boccaccio was rummaging the dusty remains of monastic libraries in search of ancient works and pouring his scorn upon dull monks who were careless of the treasures under their roofs—some even clipped up priceless manuscripts to sell as charms to superstitious laymen—such a discovery would have been a discovery indeed. Once a certain Dominican, Giovanni de Colonna, maintained that he had seen in the archives of the cathedral at Chartres a portion of the missing history, written in so strange a script that it could not be deciphered; but far more famous was one of those wild-goose chases which maddened the Renaissance. It involved one of the greatest scholars and

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one of the greatest princes of the age in pursuit of these same books of Livy. A certain Dane named Nicolaus appeared at the court of Martin V with the news that he himself had seen ten decades of Livy, written in Longobardish script mingled with Gothic characters, in a Cistercian establishment near Roskilde. Nicolaus was reputed a somewhat flighty man but he inspired high hopes in the breast of Poggio and set aflame that most extraordinary of papal secretaries. Poggio was a man who poured forth vitriolic satire upon the clergy and stopped at no obscenity, but he revered the classics—so profoundly, indeed, as to leave no reverence for the church he served. At his earnest request Cardinal Orsini sent a special messenger north to find them, and even Cosimo de' Medici himself thought the matter of sufficient import to send to his agent at Lübeck special instructions to spare no pains to obtain the treasure. But, alas, no Livy was found and the Dane passed, perhaps unjustly, for a liar. On three separate occasions did similar rumors stir Poggio, who would doubtless have sold his soul to any devil he could believe in for a glimpse of the books. Finally, even he was forced to admit, like another scholar of the time, that though the Institutes of Quintilian, the logical works of Cicero, and other priceless things had been almost miraculously recovered, the missing books of Livy would be forever closed to him. If indeed they should come to light at this late day Poggio would doubtless gnash his teeth in whatever eternity is allotted to so paradoxical a character. It would be a true pity that he should have been denied a pleasure which may be granted to an age capable of rejoicing in it so much less than he.

But so far no books have been found and he is spared, temporarily at least, the pangs of envy. From the beginning there was a mystery about the "discovery," and the day after it was announced the professor disappeared. No one seems to have suggested the possibility that the Fascisti had done away with him in the fear that the newly discovered manuscript might contain subversive matter or, improbable as it might seem, facts about the early history of Rome which good patriots would prefer not to know. The explanations given were various. Some suggested that he only wanted leisure to copy his treasures, others that the fantastic sums said to have been offered by the British Museum and others were sufficient to tempt even a scholar to seek to violate the laws of Italy and smuggle the manuscript out of the country. For a time nothing was sure except that, temporarily at least, Italy had not found Livy but had lost an archaeologist. Suddenly, however, Professor de Martino reappears, angrily denying that he has found either a life of Christ dated A.D. 58, which an exuberantly growing legend had added to his discovery, or the long lost books of Livy. What he did discover was a document which states that a certain scribe in Naples was commissioned to copy a complete Livy, and he has hopes that with this clue he may possibly trace the manuscript itself. He has been overwhelmed with visitors, letters, and telegrams, and now, so he says, demands nothing except peace in which to continue his researches. The chances are that his desire will be readily granted by a public whose interest in new discoveries dies down about as fast as it is kindled. The public will, in all probability, completely forget both De Martino and Livy long before the professor has recovered from the threatened attack of nervous prostration into which the publicity which he has received is driving him.

# Please Save the Republic!

WITH our usual journalistic enterprise we are glad to serve our readers by printing now some of the dispatches which will appear in the daily press in the frantic last week of the campaign:

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 28.—The Republican National Committee today announced that it has indisputable proof that the La Follette candidacy originated in Moscow. It gave to the press an affidavit of one Vladimir A. Prevarikatovski, who stated that he was present at an interview between Robert La Follette and Leon Trotzky in Moscow in 1923, at which the Senator from Wisconsin, in response to Trotzky's earnest appeal, gave his promise that he would run for President in 1924.

CHICAGO, October 29.—Hell-and-Maria Dawes, speaking today before the combined Rotary and Kiwanis clubs in Lincoln Park, declared that the German opposition to the acceptance of the Dawes plan came not from the Prussian militarists and conservatives, but was attributable directly to the influence of Robert M. La Follette. "While we were working out the plan," said the General, "we discovered a conspiracy against us working with the aid of gold contributed by La Follette's Milwaukee sympathizers. We have reason to believe that some of that money originally came from the Kaiser," added the commander-in-chief of the Chicago Minute Men.

PEORIA, ILLINOIS, October 30.—Speaking here in a last-minute effort to carry Illinois, John W. Davis declared to an enthusiastic audience of sixty-two people that the real objective of the La Follette campaign was the destruction of the American home. "I have excellent grounds for thinking," he solemnly declared, "that if my Progressive adversary is elected a law will be passed compelling every woman to wear bobbed hair and ordering the rearing of all infants in public institutions, after the plan of the Russian Communists, which even they have abandoned."

WASHINGTON, October 31.—President Coolidge, at his regular weekly reception to the Washington correspondents today, followed his usual custom of answering no questions and saying nothing. The serious aspect of his face, however, gives rise to the belief that he is convinced that the revolutionary effort to overthrow the Government by electing La Follette will be triumphantly defeated. A spokesman for the White House, whose name cannot be used, declared that the Progressive effort to establish free love in America will be rebuked at the polls by a greater majority than the seven million given President Harding.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, November 1.—William J. Bryan, speaking to his former neighbors at an old-home-week reception yesterday, made the sensational statement that the "interests" have now concentrated upon Robert La Follette and have concluded to buy the election for the Wisconsin Senator. "I protest against this outrage," he said. "Seeing Coolidge hopelessly beaten, Wall Street has at the eleventh hour raised three million dollars to defeat Davis and Brother Charley, fearing more than all else the presence of any Bryan in Washington."

WASHINGTON, November 3.—Calvin Coolidge, breaking his solemn, self-imposed silence, today issued the following last-minute appeal to the American electorate: "In the name of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Warren Harding I appeal to my fellow-citizens to preserve the American hearthstone, the special privileges of private property, and the virtue of our women. There is no doubt that the real objective of the so-called Progressives is to destroy the American home and to hoist the red flag of anarchy upon our glorious Capitol. I represent all the virtues; let every American patriot vote for me."

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# Who Is John W. Davis?

(The Nation *invited the Democratic headquarters in New York to contribute an article in support of Mr. Davis, for this same issue, but no response was received.*)

JUDGE JACKSON was the federal judge in the northern part of West Virginia. To him union organizers were not merely "agitators" but "vampires." If the organizer were a woman, she was furthering "an object which is entirely unworthy of a good woman. . . . It would have been better far for her to follow the lines and paths which the Allwise Being intended her sex should pursue."

So when "Mother" Jones and other organizers for the coal miners' union were trying to organize the men of the Clarksburg Fuel Company, the company took its troubles to Judge Jackson. The union had rented an empty lot about a fifth of a mile from the opening of the company's mine. The coal company brought the Guaranty Trust Company all the way down from New York to act as the nominal plaintiff, and Judge Jackson issued an order forbidding the union organizers to hold a meeting near the mine. But the union people had rented the lot, they felt they had a right to use their own property, and "Mother" Jones made a speech. The other organizers applauded her speech. The lawyers, including the law firm of John W. Davis of Clarksburg, hurried to Judge Jackson and asked him to jail the organizers who had taken part in the meeting and applauded "Mother" Jones. The judge put them in jail. The strike was broken. That was in 1902.

After Davis was nominated some of his friends circulated a story that he had *defended* a group of mine leaders, including Eugene Debs and "Mother" Jones. No dates have been given, nor details which would make it possible to trace such a case. The only record now available is that of the case in which John W. Davis helped put the fellow-organizers of "Mother" Jones in jail. Davis had begun practicing law in 1895 at Clarksburg, the county seat of one of the most important coal-producing counties of West Virginia. During his fifteen years of active practice his law firm played its part in the excited dealings of that period in coal lands and oil lands, coal leases and natural-gas leases, and in the centralized accumulation of coal and oil lands. Davis was on his way to a place in national politics; in 1904 he was a delegate to the Democratic Convention which called its nominee into retirement. In 1910 and again in 1912 he was elected to Congress.

In Congress Davis was strictly a party man, voting and speaking for his party's measures and accepting the decisions of the Democratic caucus. The insurgents, who were organized in both houses under La Follette leadership, attacked the Democrats for binding themselves to the old practice of voting as determined by their secret party caucus. It was this caucus which enabled a powerful lobby to render innocuous the insurgents' famous resolution for an investigation of the "Money Trust." But in the backstairs betrayal of the public interest Davis was merely voting with his party. Davis himself spoke in behalf of two measures presented by the Democrats for the purpose of redeeming their pledge to remedy the evils of court interference with labor unions in strikes. One bill, dealing with the injunction evil, simply announced, as Davis said, "rules common to other cases in equity"; the bill told the courts the proper rule, which they should know without being told. But on the real question, the propriety of injunctions in labor disputes, the bill was silent and Davis was silent. The insurgents insisted on their right to offer amendments, but the Democrats jammed the bill through. The other bill, a measure for a jury trial in contempt proceedings, did not cover contempts arising out of suits brought by the Government; in short, its provisions would not have given a jury trial to Debs in the Pullman strike of 1894 or to the coal miners in their 1919 strike or to the railroad shopmen in 1922. The Democrats permitted no amendments to their bill. The bills did not pass the Senate, but two years later, when Davis was no longer in Congress, similar bills became law—the so-called labor provisions of the Clayton Act, that expression of a naive hope.

In 1913 Davis became Solicitor General, the Government's lawyer in the Supreme Court. He inherited many suits begun by Wickersham, Taft's Attorney General, involving a number of concerns with which Davis was to become familiar on the other side of the fence some years later—such as the Standard Oil Company, the United States Steel Corporation, the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and the Santa Fe Railroad. Davis also appeared for the Government in a suit to effectuate President Taft's withdrawal of certain oil lands from public entry and in a suit for forfeiture of railroad lands instituted by Taft's Administration in 1911. In two other cases, also begun by the Taft Administration, Davis was successful in sustaining indictments for violation of the federal anti-peonage act and in having the Oklahoma grandfather clause declared unconstitutional as a violation of the Fifteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution. Davis was Solicitor General long enough to appear also in defense of legislation passed during the Wilson Administration—the child-labor act, the eight-hour railroad act, the income-tax act of 1913, and the compulsory-military-service law.

Davis was Ambassador to Great Britain from 1918 to 1921. As his retirement approached he was confronted by the prospect of a return to private life. If ever such a prospect offered to a lawyer a wealth of choice, Davis had it. To great legal ability he had added not only great prestige as a lawyer but—what ranks among the highest of assets for material success in private law practice—potent prestige in many and diverse places where the lawyer's help is required for large business successes. He could pick and choose with success what law work he would do, for whom he would do it, and where he would practice.

His decision was announced in October, 1920. He would become a member of the New York law firm which had a business good-will more valuable perhaps than that of any other law firm in the entire country. Its name was not known to many laymen. But to bankers and investment houses everywhere, to the heads of railroad systems and the big industrial concerns, and to the select group of able lawyers who handled their work, Stetson, Jennings, and Russell, of which Davis became the senior member, was known as the firm which had piloted J. P. Morgan and his associates through great reorganizations, such as that of the Reading coal and rail properties; through the biggest of combinations and promotions, such as that of the United

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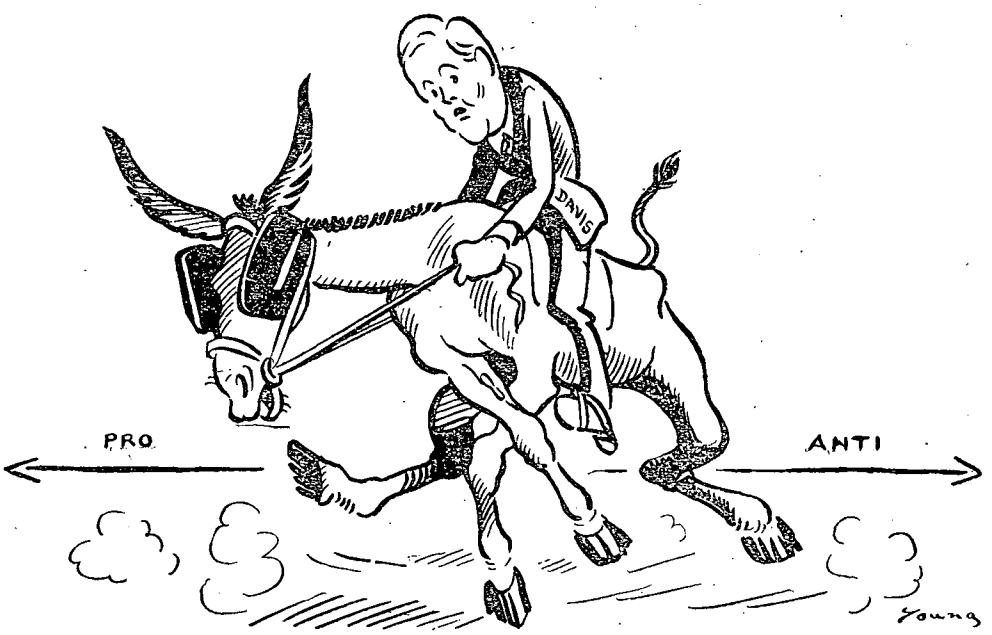
States Steel Corporation; through the war period, when the Morgan firm, acting as fiscal agent for foreign governments, had stood at the gates and taken toll on war-time contracts and had become enormously rich and intrenched as by far the most powerful house in America; through the financings which had given the Morgan firm its stake in, and its influence on, so large a part of industry at home and affairs abroad—on far-flung systems of railroads and public utilities; on basic industries such as steel and copper and oil; on the governments of the principal nations of Europe and Asia.

This law firm also serves as counsel for the Guaranty Trust Company, the largest trust-company bank in the United States, on whose directorate sit three of the Morgan partners. Its diversified business exemplifies that of the new type of great bank. Its borrowers include many of the biggest concerns having their plants within a radius of a thousand miles or more from New York. Through a subsidiary it heads and participates in the biggest financings. Its part in foreign trade has become enormous, and its investments in foreign banks extend to the banking fields in Asia and in Central and South America. Davis's firm also acted directly for other concerns, generally concerns which had been financed by the Morgan firm, such as the Erie Railroad.




Davis not only joined this firm of Morgan lawyers; he entered actively into big business as a director of large corporations. He went on the board of the Santa Fe Railroad, operating more than twelve thousand miles of railroad, with assets of more than $640,000,000 and the Morgan firm as its bankers. He joined the board of directors of the National Bank of Commerce in New York, an institution with resources of three hundred millions. He became a director of the United States Rubber Company, a two hundred and seventy-five million dollar concern, having plants all over the United States and abroad, supported by Kuhn, Loeb & Co., the second largest banking firm in the country.

During those three years of New York law practice before Davis was nominated for the Presidency, important issues were before the American public. In 1921 the Palmer-Daugherty-Burns policy of suppressing civil liberties was still in full swing. Davis was president of the American Bar Association in 1923, when one of its committees made a report calling upon the association to engage in the battle against "Red" propaganda and the "1,500,000 radicals in this country who are clamoring for . . . a . . . communistic state." Davis said nothing. The conscientious objectors were still in prison. Efforts were made to enlist Davis's help, but in vain. He did not lift a finger.

Nor did he have anything to say on the shopmen's strike of 1922, or the enormities of the Daugherty-Wilkerson injunction. Davis's own railroad, the Santa Fe, itself got an injunction without prior notice to the unions. The Santa Fe was one of the die-hard roads which held out against the settlement proposals made by President Harding, by Hoover, by the railroad brotherhoods, by the more liberal railroad presidents. Instead, the Santa Fe followed General Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad in his rule-or-ruin campaign, and did not settle until December, 1923. Davis remained on the board, and said nothing publicly.

Davis himself was in 1922 engaged in directing against the United Mine Workers the most brutal and most dangerous court weapon developed against trade unions. The extent to which the Supreme Court would go in applying the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, with its severe penalties, as an anti-union club was most uncertain. The labor-union movement was on its guard against what it deemed a blow at its very foundations. At this juncture the Coronado Coal Company case brought before the Supreme Court the now celebrated attempt to hammer the national coal miners' union with the aid of the Sherman act. The Supreme Court, by unanimous decision rendered in 1922, refused to decide in favor of the coal-mine owners. The decision received front-page headlines in newspapers all over the country. The entire labor-union movement breathed freer. The owners of the mine decided to make a last desperate effort to get the Supreme Court to change its mind. A pinch-hitter of the first rank was required. John W. Davis was called in. He asked the court to hear the case again. He argued skilfully that the Sherman act should be applied to the unions in this case. His success would have meant the strengthening of a highly dangerous but still uncertain force against labor unions; it would have been a colossal blow to labor. Fortunately, Davis lost.

Davis was more successful in litigation involving the valuation of public utilities for rate-making purposes. With four new men on the Supreme Court, and a keen and pressing interest in the fight between the public and the companies as to the underlying principles of valuation, the court cases during these years had an unusual importance for the entire country, with respect to every class of public utility. Davis ranged himself on the side of the principal subsidiary of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, the nation-wide holding company for which the Morgan firm floated a $100,000,000 bond issue in 1923.

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Both before and after his nomination Davis spoke on issues regarded by him as important. He declared himself in behalf of the League of Nations and the World Court. On the question of American imperialism he was silent. However, his clients were engaged, with the help of his firm, in the business of lending to Central America, and were collecting from it, with the assistance of the State Department. Davis's firm was counsel for the American section of the International Committee of Bankers on Mexico, under the chairmanship of Morgan partners. In this relation Davis and his law firm saw one of the most remarkable instances of the power of American bankers over foreign governments. The holder of the finance portfolio of the Mexican republic was obliged to come to the offices of J. P. Morgan & Company to ascertain the terms to which his Government must agree before it would be permitted to deal with its neighboring great sister republic. It was during this period, also, that Davis's banker clients were furnishing new loans to Cuba, Peru, and Panama, in the shadow of the gibbet-like examples set up in Haiti and Santo Domingo.

The presidential candidate has, however, presented a program on labor. What was the alluring picture he painted for organized labor, to a union audience, on Labor Day? In his speech at Wheeling, West Virginia, he declared against child labor, a reform which had years earlier been adopted by the vast majority of the States and by overwhelming majorities in both houses of Congress. He declared in favor of vaguely defined changes with respect to the Railroad Labor Board, the point of which appeared to be that such a board as functioned should have the confidence of both sides. Finally, he favored the use of the injunction in labor disputes only where the injunction should properly be issued; "if the legislation already passed is not sufficient guidance in this matter, we must write it in plainer terms." He said nothing about labor's demand that courts refrain from breaking strikes with injunctions. Davis said nothing of the danger to labor unions arising from the extension of the Sherman act and its application to strikes, although the wrong involved had been made clear to him by his own attempt to inflict it upon the labor unions only two years earlier.

But in that speech at Wheeling, West Virginia, on Labor Day, Davis made one of the most reactionary statements made in this campaign by any candidate, including General Dawes himself, on a labor issue. He came out strong for the doctrine of "freedom of contract." This doctrine has in case after case been used as an argument for declaring important labor legislation unconstitutional. In real fact the doctrine means a lack of freedom of contract. The unemployed miner who can get a job at the West Virginia coal mines only if he agrees not to join a union, and the girl who can find a job only at a wage below that fixed by a minimum-wage commission, are denied the relief which the Legislature seeks to accord them, because the courts declare statutes passed for their relief unconstitutional, as interfering with "freedom of contract"!

Davis of course joins with Coolidge in opposing a curb on the Supreme Court's power. But Davis goes farther than Coolidge. Commenting on the widespread discontent aroused by the Supreme Court's exercise of its power, Davis said to the American Bar Association last year:

> Much of the current discontent is caused perhaps by the publication of dissenting opinions which serve to fan the flame of public distrust. Certainly, it is not edifying to the lay mind that an opinion representing the considered judgment of the majority of any court should be accompanied at the moment of deliverance by an effort to prove its manifest error.

This was directed at the practice of such great judges as Brandeis and Holmes, whose vigorous and statesmanlike dissenting opinions in constitutional cases are a curb on the court, and may become a corrective of its recent majority opinions. For Davis these salutary dissenting opinions only "serve to fan the flame of public distrust." That sufficiently reveals the workings of his mind.

# In Memory of H. W. Massingham

(Former Editor of the London *Nation*)

By HENRY WOOD NEVINSON

*London, September 5*

LAST Tuesday afternoon an unwonted gathering of men and women was assembled in one of London's huge and ghastly cemeteries which make one long for compulsory cremation of the dead. Crowded around us in a waste of marble stood crosses and statues and emblems of eternal hope erected "in loving memory" over thousands of people long, long forgotten; and it might have been thought that we were but adding one more to the insignificant relics of ghosts who once had known the ordinary joys and sorrows of life, and now had vanished.

But it was a man of noble and extraordinary personality whom we were lowering into the common earth. At sight of him as he lived only last week no one could have guessed how noble and extraordinary. That slim and boyish figure, that pale and almost unwrinkled face, that fair hair untouched by gray, that soft and gentle voice, that swift and eager speech, as though prompted by flashes of sudden inspiration—those visible qualities would never have revealed a man of sixty-four, a man whose life for nearly fifty years had been one long and often bitter struggle, a man who had felt and had aroused the extreme passions of hatred and of scorn, who had acted as a gadfly to the whole of his country, stinging her up from torpid indifference and comfortable iniquity, or, again, like a knight-at-arms, charging full tilt and almost alone into the very thick of those heavy battalions on whose side the Prince of Darkness always stands, inspiring even cowards to follow him in the conflict, smiting the dark hosts of ignorance, prejudice, and greed, putting down the mighty from their seat, denouncing the most popular of superstitions, releasing the prisoner and the captive, proclaiming mercy to the subjugated, incurring every form of personal loss and personal obloquy, and in the end raising the cry of victory in nearly every cause for which he had striven. No one could have supposed it unless he had known that the simple figure whom we were burying was Massingham, greatest of English editors, and among the greatest of our writers.

I do not know or care what may be said against him by those vulgar and insensitive papers and politicians with whom he waged incessant warfare. "What recks it them? What need they? They are sped." But the great papers, even those that seldom agreed with him, like the *Times*, the *Observer*, the *Westminster*, and, I can have no doubt, the

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*Spectator* in tomorrow's issue, give him the praise due to a gallant, sincere, and unflinching opponent. For though he was himself the most generous of men, generosity in journalism has not quitted the world with him. His power of attraction was equally proved by the crowd of distinguished but very diverse men and women gathered around his grave. Of course nearly all of us were there who had served under him for the sixteen years when he as editor made the London *Nation* a unique influence for righteousness in the country; but there were many besides who could have agreed little with his views on national or social policy—some Liberal statesmen and journalists, still stiffly upholding the well-worn Liberal standards of last century; some ancient Socialists equally left behind by the rushing stream of time; and especially one noticed conspicuous writers whose interest in the daily world of politics is seldom expressed, and some clerical figures, prophetic of deeply religious change. All great journalists touch life at many points, but of Massingham it may be said that whatever he touched he adorned. Unless, indeed, I may say of him what I should wish to be written on my own tombstone: "From whatever he touched, he stripped the adornment." For his passionate sincerity and reckless disregard of the commonplace did strip the adornment from all the blazoned display of wealth, ambition, "glories of war," and "empire."

Of course, he was often mistaken—more often in his estimate of men than of policies. When first I served under him he was violently supporting the cause of Greece against the Red Sultan and his persecutions in Crete and Asia Minor. He might almost be said to have made the war that ended in such disaster in 1897—a disaster that anyone serving, like myself, on the Greek side must have foreseen. But the mistake on Massingham's part was a noble one. Even more noble was his condemnation of the Boer War, which drove him from his great position as editor of the *Daily Chronicle* in 1899, though I suppose there is hardly an Englishman who would not now admit he was right. Similar unpopularity he incurred by his efforts to bring the Great War to an end on decently negotiated terms which would have saved thousands of young lives and have avoided the present wretched chaos of Europe. His subsequent failure to persuade our British Coalition and the French politicians to conclude a just and honorable peace was, I think, the failure that broke his heart. As a patriot, he felt that the Peace of Versailles involved our country in the deepest shame, and, as a human being, he foresaw with horror the hideous dangers to which it exposed the European races. His mistakes in the estimate of men were more difficult to understand. He was always looking round for some conspicuous figure great enough and noble enough to lead the party of advance in England. At one time he fixed upon Lord Rosebery, at another upon Mr. Winston Churchill, at another upon Mr. Lloyd George, and yet again upon Lord Robert Cecil. In all such hopes he failed, and failed disastrously. In every case, except perhaps the last, he was impelled to turn with vehement disapproval against the man whom he had helped to power.

It was characteristic that he usually adopted a fine cause just at the time when it was most unpopular. So, for instance, it was with woman suffrage. In the stormy but attractive period of its earlier days, when everyone was fighting for or against it, he did not appear much interested, and he seldom allowed me to write on it in the *Nation;* I suppose for fear of my false reputation for violence. But when the war had almost put the suffrage out of sight, and nothing but scorn or indifference was to be gained by advocating it, then he came forward as its champion, encouraging the ranks till victory was ours. If it be said, on the contrary, that he joined the Labor Party only when it was on the point of rising to power, one must remember that he joined only after long struggle and defeated hopes of animating the old Liberal Party with something of his spirit and sincerity. Only in despair of finding a spark of fresh spirit or a touch of genuine sincerity in the established Liberal leaders did he incline to seek those qualities in a party that was at least progressive and full of hope. It must also be remembered that this inclination to Labor was the main cause of his exclusion from the editorship of the *Nation,* which he alone had created and to which he alone gave its peculiar and far-reaching influence.

And now he is gone—the great man so generous, so kindly, so alive to all beauty, so fiercely passionate. I cannot yet realize the loss to the country or to myself. With brief intervals I served him for nearly thirty years. For at least twenty of those years I wrote regularly for his papers whenever I was in England and not engaged (often for him too) at the front of some war, rebellion, or struggle for liberty. There was always a certain shyness between us, partly because he was editor and I only one of the staff; partly also because we were both typical Englishmen, and no Englishman may express admiration often, or affection ever. But till last week there he was, and I could always say to myself: "Thank God, there is one man who will fight for the noble and honorable and unpopular cause whatever happens!" But now he is gone, and his departure has left the world colder and more exposed to the devastations of the commonplace.

# Lossiemouth

By FRANK H. SIMONDS

LOSSIEMOUTH, so the invaluable gazetteer testifies, fronts Moray Frith, looks out hopefully upon the portentous German Ocean. There the inconsiderable Lossie, coming north out of the Highlands, falls into the sea. Inconspicuous, when the gazetteer was last printed, Lossiemouth now advances two claims upon future editions, for here something more than half a century ago, in good Victorian days, was born the Right Honorable J. Ramsay MacDonald; here, too, henceforth and forever memorable therefore, is the single golf club between John o'Groats and Land's End where the Prime Minister of Britain may not play.

That the prophet is not without honor save in his own country is an old truism, but that the Prime Minister should not be without golf save in his home town, that again is something, and thereby hangs a tale, significant now from one end of the United Kingdom to the other; not without challenge indeed from one extremity to the other of that Empire on which the descending sun never quite sets.

To understand the fact one must travel in thought backward into the darkness which was the World War, to that moment when all Britain was authentically shaken, its eyes fixed upon Flanders and Picardy battlefields. At

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that precise hour, the Battle of the Somme still in progress, J. Ramsay MacDonald, member of the House of Commons and of the Lossiemouth Golf Club, Royal, Scotch, Caledonian, the details do not signify, rising in his place in Westminster, gave voice to words calculated, so it was then held, to depress the gallant Briton and encourage the unspeakable Hun.

These words being communicated swiftly to Lossiemouth, where the speaker was known chiefly as a silent man devoted to an unobtrusive but neither unsound nor unenthusiastic golf, had immediate, enduring consequences, for forthwith in special meeting assembled the Lossiemouth Golf Club unanimously and highly resolved that the said J. Ramsay MacDonald was henceforth and forever expelled from the Lossiemouth links, precincts, lands, premises, and buildings whatsoever, forbidden access thereto now and always. Said resolution having been thus adopted, was entered upon the permanent records, evidence that, in the hour of national trial, the Lossiemouth Golf Club had not hesitated to perform its duty, had not failed to do its bit.

The same being in due course of time further published abroad, came promptly to the ready ear of aroused patriotism. Lossiemouth proudly divided world interest with Ypres, Salonica, even Verdun; India, Ireland, Canada, Australia, islands and continents all around the seven seas murmured its name. The comet of a summer night, trailing its glory as it sped, such was Lossiemouth, then, ere the northern fog shut down and blotted it out not unkindly but inexorably.

As for the now Right Honorable J. Ramsay MacDonald, what he thought he did not say. His feelings, bitter or unresentful, are unrecorded; then as now he was a silent, dour, rather sad-faced man, deepwater somehow suggested by himself, deeper perhaps than the noble Lossie. What he did, on the other hand, is noted. Now and again on the sand dunes, with his faithful golf bag, he might have been seen swinging his clubs, practicing his stroke, preserving his form, not moved to abandon golf, nor for that matter Lossiemouth, not roused to violent resentment—nothing of the sort, obviously a patient man, patient even for a golfer.

Consider now the odd consequence of the passing of time. From 1916 we travel rapidly to 1924 when certain events having taken place in the British Islands, and these having produced certain results in the House of Commons, the Right Honorable Stanley Baldwin has the honor, according to tradition, to be received by George, Emperor and King, Defender of the Faith, etc. Being thus received, he duly mentions the name of J. Ramsay MacDonald. Thereupon, His Gracious Majesty having summoned the said MacDonald is pleased to lay upon him an august command, and the said MacDonald having departed returns again, kisses Majesty's hand, and is, authentically, His Majesty's Prime Minister.

Following which events the *Court Gazette* becomes singularly vocal on the subject of the same J. Ramsay MacDonald, notes that he has been honored by being invited to dine with the King and Queen, that the Prince of Wales, heir apparent, has lunched in Downing Street with the same Right Honorable J. Ramsay MacDonald and one Ishbel MacDonald, herself not quite unknown in Lossiemouth, companion of her father perhaps on the lonesome golf experiments after the great day of the expulsion.

See then what has arrived. Britannia, that kind-hearted if slightly apoplectic lady, apt to go off in fit of temper but never vindictive, has taken J. Ramsay MacDonald to her forgiving and ample bosom. Gracious Majesty, Emperor and King, has signified his august reconciliation. Bygones have become bygones from one extremity to the other of the United Kingdom, all is forgiven, blotted out, is as if it never were—with a single exception. Notable exception however, for still unrescinded stands the resolution of the Lossiemouth Golf Club: Be it resolved, henceforth and forever said J. Ramsay MacDonald be expelled.

The Mountain, the whole British mountain, has obviously come to MacDonald, which being the case, what—I ask you, Lossiemouth asks—what shall the Lossiemouth Golf Club do? The world is upside down; all fixed and immovable pivots have begun to maneuver uncontrollably. What, indeed—the real question after all—what shall all Lossiemouths in these Kingdoms, in Europe, in the world do? It is a grave question, my masters.

Can you not see those governors of that golf club now wrestling with this problem? Can you not see them as they set out to martial music this time eight years ago and now suddenly self discovered, music, procession, everything gone up a different street, marching now in an opposite direction to a different tune?

Not one Lossiemouth, but Lossiemouth symbolical of all Lossiemouths in this mad world, are they not also struggling manfully with this same problem? Struggling, be assured, not without honest effort, deep pangs, poignant bewilderment, for mark you, from a man's sins he may escape easily; divine and human forgiveness are not difficult to obtain. But from his good deeds, patriotic performances, acts and resolutions done with indelible ink when the blood is hot, man may not easily escape when the world has gone cold again.

Which fact being true, devastatingly true, shall we not extend to Lossiemouth, all Lossiemouths one and indivisible, foreign and domestic, wherever found, that sympathy which misfortune always commands; wish for them, too, that peace which surpasseth human understanding and all war-time expectation?

# Lines to a Dead Lady

By LAWRENCE LEE

They say that when I come again to look
For you, on some sweet summer afternoon,
I'll find your chair, your cup, and silver spoon
Neglected by your unread open book.
They say that should I call to you, then lay
Myself upon the cool green sweep of grass
Beneath your window sill, you would not pass
Downstairs to me in your unhurried way.
They talk forever, telling what will be
No more. But words are meaningless to me,
For I am sure that you will come once more
With blue-gold days—and smiling as before—
To read and talk between the cups of tea
Your white, swift-moving, shapely hands will pour.

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# Instructive New Hampshire

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

COMING down now from the general to the particular, and descending from the vague prospect of a whole nation to a sharper view of a single State, let us in the midst of instructive New Hampshire proceed to see what we shall see.

New Hampshire is Yankee and it is also French-Canadian and Scotch-Irish and Irish. It lives on farms and also in factories. One of its congressmen is a Republican. The other is a Democrat. The Governor is a Democrat. The majority of voters at the polls, when nature takes its course untroubled by novel issues, is undoubtedly Republican. The two United States senators are Republicans. The Democratic Governor became Governor two years ago largely through a novel industrial issue. There had been strikes in textile mills. There was an industrial demand by employees in textile mills for a forty-eight-hour week for women and children. This industrial demand became a political issue. What was sought by a strike began to be sought by a law. This issue the present Democratic Governor embraced and it contributed largely to making him Governor.

Thus in this nook of Northern Republican Yankeeland the struggle between labor and capital helped to turn the obdurate Republicans out and helped to put the modernistic Democrats in. It happened only two years ago. Nationally the Democrats hope accordingly that New Hampshire may go Democratic presidentially this year.

At that point we come to one more maddening illustration of the fact that the national politics of this country is only partly national, and is partly—and largely—a fortuitous assemblage of local peculiarities and waywardnesses and accidents, puzzling national analysis and defying national prophecy.

Governor Brown, Democrat, in the session of the State Legislature following upon his advent into office, did not succeed in enacting a forty-eight-hour law. Some of his enemies accuse him of having deliberately postponed a definitive settlement of the issue involved in order to maintain it intact for fruitful use politically in the next ensuing campaign. The Senate in the State Legislature was Republican. The claim was made that a forty-eight-hour week in textile mills in New Hampshire would make it virtually impossible for New Hampshire textiles to compete with textiles from the child-exploiting South. Republicans in the legislature proposed a "fact-finding commission" to study this claim and to make a statistical, scientific report upon it. Governor Brown's Democratic supporters in the legislature killed this proposal. The Republicans in the Senate thereupon killed the forty-eight-hour bill.

Thus the issue survived into this year. It on the whole favored the Democrats strongly. If the Governor had maneuvered to postpone the settlement of the issue, his subtlety was obscure to the public eye. What stood forth clearly was that Democrats had favored a forty-eight-hour law and Republicans had frustrated its passage. The chances for Democratic national success in New Hampshire this year seemed large.

Then Al Smith, John Winant, and Robert Marion La Follette started in to shrink them.

The New Hampshire delegation to the New York Democratic National Convention came back to New Hampshire bearing with it many seeds of religious and racial strife. A distinguished New Hampshire delegate—Ray Stevens—had been willing to vote for Walsh of Montana as nominee for President but had shown scant enthusiasm for Smith. The powerful Irish in the New Hampshire Democracy gave him no credit for his support of Walsh and marked him down and out for his failure to give support to Smith. A rift began to appear between Yankee Democrat and Irish Democrat in New Hampshire. It was widened by the thought that Governor Brown, a Yankee, had sometimes in his appointments been more appreciative of the French Canadians than of the Irish.

The Democracy of New Hampshire began to have internal pains. Simultaneously Republicanism in New Hampshire began to have yearnings toward progressivism. Robert Bass of Peterborough, ex-Governor, ex-Rooseveltian, inveterate antagonist of United States Senator George Moses (whose name of Moses betokens a desire not to pass beyond Jordan into the troublous and dubious Promised Land but to tarry and die this side of it in the safe and sane and sure and sensible and humorous vales of Moab), bestirred himself in his upland home and, along with other progressives, fell in behind one John Winant of Concord.

This is a young man—a very young man—with a sensitive and ascetic countenance picturing a character that might find a congenial habitation in a cell among monks of some particularly unworldly and contemplative order. He was a distinguished fighting aviator during the war. He was an "ace." He led a squadron, and always led it—at the peak of it.

Returning, and being religious, and having been a warrior, and having been an academic scholar and teacher, he became very successful in commerce. He also believed in urgent international activity for preventing war, for making war impossible. He also believed in the forty-eight-hour law for women and children in textile mills. He also wished to be Governor and went to people's offices and dropped his overcoat on the floor and walked absent-mindedly up and down over it while he told them that he wished to be Governor in order to establish the forty-eight-hour law, which they did not want.

A multitude of them supported him and supported what he wanted against what they themselves wanted. The young warriors of the State supported him. The old progressives of the State supported him. Numerous conservatives supported him because he was he. At thirty-four he won the Republican nomination for Governor against a most formidable and attractive rival, Frank Knox, publisher of New Hampshire's leading newspaper, the Manchester *Union*. In him New Hampshire Republicanism suddenly acquired a local leader in whom his followers see a spirituality which goes beyond progressivism but which includes it. The poor, the weak, the suffering, the struggling, who are

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to be put upon their own feet and made to walk—these are supposed to be the main objects of John Winant's thought, and the thought is supposed to find its title to sincerity in the amazing shy purity of his features and in the amazing bold frankness of his ambitions.

He is a worse speaker than Calvin Coolidge. This writer heard him speak. He spoke some eighty words. He had prepared them carefully. He got through some fifty of them without notes. Then for the last thirty he had to refer to pieces of paper twice. He sat down amid applause.

So the apparition of John Winant in New Hampshire Republicanism suddenly balances the Democratic progressivism of Governor Brown. Meanwhile, finally, certain wage-earners—and certain Irish—in considerable numbers—intend firmly to vote for Robert Marion La Follette. They mostly are Democrats. Some of them will vote for La Follette for President and Winant for Governor. Thus La Follette and Winant and Al Smith (all, in their varying manners, progressives) have shrunk the Democratic chances in this State and have swollen the chances of victory and "vindication" for Calvin Coolidge.

The analysts of the November election will need to travel forty-eight States subsequently to know what it means.

# Workers' Education in the United States

By A. J. MUSTE

AT the convention of the American Federation of Labor in Portland, Oregon, in October, 1923, the subject that attracted most attention, next to the sensational expulsion of the Communist delegate Dunne, was workers' education. Spencer Miller, Jr., secretary of the Workers' Education Bureau of America, estimates that during the past season there were 25,000 men and women in this country in attendance upon classes under working-class auspices. Sixty per cent of the American Federation of Labor is in organizations that have affiliated themselves with the Workers' Education Bureau.

All this is encouraging to friends of the infant movement. They are not, however, deceived by it. They are aware that only a small beginning has been made; that the mass of trade-union leaders and members have as yet no genuine interest in workers' education, at least not such as induces them to put money into it; that a city labor college may flourish mightily one year, and the following year practically die out; that the whole movement is in an experimental stage, and that little effort has as yet been made to check up in scientific fashion on the results.

It would seem that the most valuable thing to do at this stage is to state some of the problems and issues that are emerging in connection with the work, as to which data require to be collected and analyzed.

For one thing, there is the question of control. Shall the various workers' education enterprises be definitely controlled by working-class organizations—trade unions, political parties, cooperative societies—or shall they be intrusted to the extension departments of public-school systems, colleges and universities, and private groups of non-working-class composition? In a number of instances institutions or groups such as are here mentioned have evinced a disposition to "offer their services" to the unions under conditions that would imply turning over the workers' education movement, or important parts of it, to them. In the main the labor movement has taken the position that while it does not wish to supplant existing educational institutions, the control of the schools and classes that are to train not only the intelligence but the spirit of the officers and members of the unions (or other workers' organizations) must be in the hands of these unions themselves; and that the labor movement is quite capable of controlling the educational instruments which it is forging for itself. The Workers' Education Bureau admits to affiliation only enterprises definitely controlled by trade unions or cooperative societies. An offer recently made to it by an outside group to carry on teacher training for workers' classes was not accepted, and the policy laid down that such training should be carried on under the auspices of the labor movement, which would welcome the assistance of all individuals desiring to work with it.

It will be easier as time goes on to hew a straight line in this matter of control, because of the position being taken on another subject closely bound up with it, that of financing. In a considerable number of cases workers' classes avail themselves of public-school or church buildings where this does not involve any control over policy or freedom of teaching. In no instance known to the writer has any money "with a string tied to it" been accepted by any workers' educational enterprise. The extension department of the University of California, carrying on adult education among trade-union members, last year sought affiliation with the Workers' Education Bureau, but it was refused. Subsequently the university handed over the $10,000 annual appropriation for this work to a committee, three-fifths of whom were trade-union representatives. This committee then turned around and engaged as director the man who had previously worked under university direction. The reorganized enterprise has been granted affiliation with the W. E. B. However, the great majority of workers' schools and classes are being wholly financed by local unions, central labor unions, or internationals, supplemented perhaps by a small fee from students; and the general disposition on the part of trade unionists is to continue this independent and self-respecting method of financing. The time must come when regular dues are levied for educational purposes as well as for more conventional trade-union activities.

Who are to be reached by workers' education efforts and how are they to be approached and served? On the one hand, there are organizations that lay emphasis upon what is termed "mass education." The effort is made to get the mass of the workers out to great inspirational meetings at which recognized musical artists provide entertainment, plays are given—possibly by workers' dramatic groups—mass singing is developed, and lectures are given or debates staged that serve to place before the masses in popular language the significant issues confronting the particular union or the workers in general. As part of such a program speakers may be sent to local meetings to give educational and inspirational talks.

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On the other hand, there are the instances where a comparatively small number are brought together to pursue intensive study of trade-union problems, to receive training for specific tasks such as organizing or secretarial work, serious study on the part of the students being required. Such a class is that to which the Executive Board members of Local 25, United Textile Workers of Philadelphia, have belonged for several years. They have studied the problems of the shops and the branch of the textile industry in which they are working, and on the basis of their studies have submitted and argued wage and other demands before employers' associations. A similar type of work is carried on in a resident institution such as Brookwood Labor College.

In addition there are a very considerable number of enterprises carried on chiefly by international unions or city central bodies where the classes (in economics, labor problems, psychology, literature; these last usually the best attended) are composed of a somewhat heterogeneous assortment of individuals who for various reasons have some interest in the subject taught; where the lecture method usually obtains, opportunity for asking questions and a certain amount of discussion being provided; but where the students do not put in a great deal of study and such benefit as they derive is general rather than specific preparation for trade-union tasks.

The first type of education mentioned, "mass education," is a job that all important social groups, such as churches, engage in. What may justly be criticized is that the technique of such "mass education" has not been well developed as yet by the labor movement and that sometimes it is mistaken for what it is not and regarded as a substitute for the training of officers and active members in the concrete details of their duties. In particular nothing to speak of has been done in a field that offers, to my mind, golden possibilities, that of training officers to preside at shop and local meetings.

Little criticism is offered of the intensive training next referred to, save in so far as here also the technique still requires much development; but of course such training reaches only the few. The most serious questioning at this moment has to do with the classes of the third type. There are certain exceptions, but in the main it is these classes that show astonishing ups and downs from year to year. It is asserted that they are neither "mass education" nor calculated to give intensive technical training, and that consequently they provide only a very mild and vague "culture" to a pseudo-intelligentsia of the trade unions.

Still another matter calling forth no little discussion is that of the aim of workers' education. There are some, it has been said, who "want the workers to be given culture and a background that will enable them to think for themselves," while others "want the workers trained in the science of overthrowing the present industrial order and in building a new order in which the working class shall rule." Others would criticize both these statements. They would hold that "culture" is a vague and misleading term in this connection, that those who stand for it are in danger of attacking the worker's problem at its circumference rather than its center, of trying to impart to the worker an appreciation of Plato, Browning, and the Venus de Milo which he in the mass is not interested in and could not benefit by. They would hold, on the other hand, that whatever may be the correctness or value of the second of the above statements as a generalization, its outlook does not fit American conditions and it is not of much help in solving the concrete problems of workers' education. They would put it that workers' education should aim to train members and officers of the unions and other workers' organizations to meet their problems and tasks as members of the organized working class more intelligently and efficiently. They would have the workers' education movement conceive of itself as an instrument being shaped by the trade unions for their own purposes, would have the movement take its place inside the trade unions, and say: Here are the unions with a standard of living to maintain or achieve, with hours of labor to be shortened, with strikes to be fought, with negotiations to be conducted, with an open-shop campaign or company unions to combat, with millions of dollars to expend, with injunctions and court decisions to fight, with problems and responsibilities in the field of more efficient production or of politics, and so on, and here are the members and officers of these organizations—now what can be done to enable these people more efficiently to handle those jobs? They would say that workers' education is not a brand-new thing dropped out of heaven or graciously bestowed upon the trade unions a few years ago by some college professor; on the contrary, unions have carried on educational work, by meetings and their press for example, ever since there were unions; the educational movement is becoming larger and more complex now simply because the unions have larger and more complex tasks to perform; and the educational work must in like fashion continue to develop as the situation confronting the organized workers unfolds. Incidentally, the propounders of this statement of the case would vigorously deny that such an aim is "narrow"; they hold that only that man is "cultured" who knows his place in society and can in some measure fill it, and that unto him all other things shall be added as a vital part of his being and not an extraneous trimming.

The first organized attempt to deal with the extremely important problem of teaching methods in workers' classes was undertaken by the American Federation of Teachers, which during the past winter called a conference on the subject at Brookwood. Among the subjects emphasized at this conference were the psychological approach to social, economic, and political problems; the further development of the technique of group discussion with a view, for one thing, to securing the important and significant contributions that students can make out of their working-class experience and not permitting classes to be "star" performances by teachers; and the development of a curriculum which would not consist of subjects or courses to be taught by various teachers in well-nigh complete detachment from each other, but of social situations taken up one after another, various teachers sitting in at classes and contributing expert knowledge on various phases of the one living, concrete situation under discussion.

The workers' education movement in America is in its infancy; it has as yet accomplished little; it is in many ways amateurish. But it is not smug and self-satisfied; it is not set and hardened; it is trying hard to improve upon itself; it is fluid, vital, dynamic. The interest on the part of the labor movement is still small, but genuine and on the increase. When the infant American labor movement in the thirties of the last century became interested

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in the problem of education, it did much for the establishment of our public-school system which, for all that it has been wrested to a considerable extent from its original purpose, has been one of the mightiest forces in our life. Now that American labor is again taking up the problem of education, who knows but it will make another epoch-making contribution?

# Departure

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

*Warsaw, August 20*

THROUGH the ill-lit streets we rumbled in our tight little *Droschken*. In passing one could see the shadowy outline of the tall monument of Adam Mickiewicz, the Polish national poet. In a well-known passage of his best-known work he had saluted the Jew as a brother. It is a very sore point with the Poles. He, too, is in the shadow, like his monument. . . . We crossed the Vistula—river of blood and tears. They have thrown corpses into it for centuries. For a time its West Prussian banks were at peace. Today there is no telling when that historic pastime will begin again as the river flows through the Polish corridor past Danzig into the Baltic Sea. . . .

Dim tree-tops stir in the cool wind. We take a rather roundabout way. One of the bridges was blown up during the war. The cobble-stones become more and more jagged. At last we stop. Our *Droschken* join a large semi-circle of others. . . . We plunge into a dark, streaming crowd. Jews, all Jews. Long caftans and caps; modern clothes out of little shops. Not only old men in caftans but boys and youngsters. No very long ear-locks here. Some concession is made to modernity in the city. The beards are long, however, and but for some red Judas physiognomy here and there, the faces, especially of the old and older men, have a grave and noble beauty. Thus Rembrandt saw them; thus they are today. The women are less definitely marked in character. Only here and there are glimpses of shapely profiles.

It is not an orderly crowd. But its disorder is quite without violence. Some passion stirs it, however, some impulse that lifts it above its workaday self. Are these the people who walk the Warsaw streets so quietly, so sadly? Are these the old men of the Ghetto streets, these the haggling slatterns of a thousand shops, these the caftaned boys who rather hug the walls when the sun shines?

They throng toward the platform of the railroad station. Most of them in vain. Only those who have tickets are admitted. This is not an unreasonable regulation. But for it all the half-million Jews in Warsaw would be here tonight. Intellectually they are disunited. There are parties and parties. Nevertheless they would be here tonight. Assimilationism of any kind is dead here—dead forever. The Poles have taken good care of that. The nine-hundred-year-old sharing of earth and sun and bread and vicissitude and fighting against a common enemy and oppressor can count no more. The Poles have seen to it; they see to it daily and hourly. So what are parties, opinions, divisions? All Jewish Warsaw is here in body or in spirit tonight. Two hundred people are being entrained on their way to Constanza, where they take ship, on their way out of bondage, on their way to *Eretz Jisroel*—the land of the fathers. . . .

The blue-coated Polish policemen with their long swords are impassive. Impassive and a little surly. Their duty tonight rather disgusts them. They are accustomed to inspiring fear, at least a nervous shrinking. Tonight, despite their authority, which cannot be denied, they simply do not exist. The spirit of the crowd has risen above them. . . .

We have tickets, of course, and are under competent guidance. But we, too, are sent with calculated rudeness from one gate to another. . . . At last we are on the platform, in the midst of an even intenser crowd—a crowd whose faces are a little pale under the dim lights. Pale but uplifted. For here are the people who are actually going and here are their fathers and mothers, their brothers and sisters, who will probably never see them again, but who are glad to give them up out of the darkness into the light and out of degradation to spiritual erectness. If they themselves cannot see Jerusalem, it is well that these others may; if they must await the pogroms to come, it is well that so many are saved.

So many. So few. This thing that we are witnessing is a weekly occurrence. About two hundred people leave each week. But in the files of the Palestine Office you see that there are ten thousand applications a week. Why are there so few out of so many? That is a story I cannot tell today. . . .

The train stands beside the platform and the leader from the Palestine Office is busy getting his people on board. He accompanies them to the Rumanian border, sees to it that they are not cheated nor delayed through passport or visa chicaneries, nor suffer violence nor robbery. At the border another leader takes his place, who accompanies and protects the group to its final destination. This is a fact of the deepest significance. . . .

Our Warsaw leader is a model of quiet efficiency. In half an hour he has his people in their proper compartments. No bundles must be lost and no children misplaced. For only one-third of today's group consists of young men and women, of *Chaluzim*, or pioneers. The rest are families who have the necessary minimum of capital which entitles them to go to Palestine. The heads of the families are carpenters, locksmiths, expert workmen in the building trades. They are more than that. They are idealists and, in a sense, scholars. For they are all speakers of Hebrew, in addition to Polish and Yiddish, and they have all liberated their minds from the restraints and inhibitions of the current orthodoxy and have seen an unheard-of vision and had the hardihood to break through a thousand shackles, overcome a thousand difficulties on their way to this tremendous adventure. . . .

We leave the ladies of our party tucked in a safe corner and Dr. Korngruen of the Palestine Office and I make our way through the crowd and go into one packed compartment after another to speak to those who are going. The third-class compartments are barren and comfortless and the long journey, followed by the steerage passage on the emigrant ship, is in itself enough to appal the Western mind. And these emigrants are not the Ellis Island type. Here are no fugitives. Let that be made as clear as possible. We speak to men and to women and touch the heads of children. These people will suffer on the trip, and the hardships of the land to which they are going will be real hardships to them. But they are sustained by what is within; they are sustained by the thought that their children will not be the helots of barbarians. . . .

A single carriage of first-class compartments heads the

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train. The doors are still open, and outside of them stand the Polish officers who are to occupy the compartments. They try to keep their faces expressionless. But as they stand there or walk up and down trailing their long swords you get from them an indefinable moral atmosphere. They are contemptuous and yet amazed. Something here does not fit in with their calculations. Something. . . . What is it? It is this, that the outcasts and the hunted and the oppressed that are here have undergone a profound change. They are as powerless physically as ever. Morally they are no longer so. For from the middle of the train flutters a little flag of blue and white—a flag that represents no guns or battalions or frontiers or force or fraud, a flag that represents no aspiration after power, only a hope, only an act of spiritual self-recollection. But that is enough. The flag is there. And with the flag the song. And slowly, a little hoarsely at first, then with rising energy and fervor, the crowd sings the "Hetikvah," the song of that hope, of that aspiration. . . .

The Polish officers enter their compartments; the doors of the other compartments are closed too. Against the panes of the windows, close to the panes, are the faces of our people—men and women and little children. The faces on the platform, silently turned to those others, are strained but calm and self-controlled. From an open compartment-window a young *Chaluz* is quietly saying a few words in Hebrew to those who must remain behind in *Galuth,* in the terrible *Galuth* of Poland. But there is no sentimentality, no excess of feeling. The hour is too tremendous for that. Two thousand years are gone, are swept away. "This year here," the fathers have said for generations and generations, "this year here, next year in Jeruschelayim!" That next year has come. . . . Slowly the train pulls out of the dim station. A single sob is heard from a woman on the platform. Then no more. Only the strains of the "Hetikvah," only the restrained melody of the song of hope, and here and there a final word of both farewell and salutation, the best word, the only word—*Shalom,* which means peace.

# Young America

By FRANCES BRADLEY

## Mountain Shad

"NO, they air not what yer mout call hefty chillen, but they don' come of hefty stock," looking from her husband's to her own angular, spare-built body. "I reckon they tromps the meat off'n ther bones on these mountings. 'Pears like all o' wee'uns air mighty lean. The cattle hain't nothin' but a rack o' bones an' the hawgs air so flat yer kin see right through ther slats. The chickens air all wings an' legs, an' even the sheep bleats right pitiful like when yer shears 'em an' fin's nothing' but a roll o' wool. Yet fer all o' thet, we air right stout. I reckon we air tough like the pine an' balsam an' hickory what grows hyarabouts." Seizing a branch of leaves from the chimney corner, she shooed from the room a long-legged dominecker that came stalking through the door, waving his gay wattles as he scuttled out of reach.

"How much milk do the chillen drink? Wall thet's easy answered fer they don' git none. We hev beef cattle but thar's no pasture in these parts an' we turns 'em out ter graze, so they don' give no milk ter speak on. Our chillen don' seem ter keer much about it no how. They air jes natu'ally born hearty an, time they air a month or so ole, they wants a taste o' everything I eats. O' co'se they pulls on me till they air a year or so ole, sometimes mo'n thet," with a sheepish glance at her husband, "but when they gits ready, they weans therselves, an' then they air through with milk.

"I haint never hed 'em weighed. Seems like chillen don' go by weight like hawgs an' cattle. But I reckon ef they war ailin', we'd hyar from 'em. They're never what yer mout call down sick sence John Junior hyar war a baby. He hed a risin' in his haid an' hit busted an' run outen his ye'r. He air right hard o' hearin' on his lef' side, but hit don' run no mo' an' 'cep' fer growin' pains he don' never complain o' nothin'.

"I fergot, Ruby hyar hev allus been kin' o' phthisicy. She hev big kernels in her neck an' she wheezes with every damp spell o' weather. Some say she hev got scrofulo, but hit air a mark. When I war 'thet way' with her I hed ter set up with a ole aunt o' mine who war a dyin', an' this chile war born with a wheezin' an' rattlin' jest like the death rattle in my aunt's throat.

"O' co'se ther teeth could be better, but they gits them from ther poppy an' mommy, but I reckon ez long ez they don' complain, an' they eats hearty ez pigs the whole endurin' day, they haint very bad off. We won' pester the doctors none yit awhile."

"Have you plenty of fruit and vegetables?" persisted the inquirer.

"Wall, we hev apples, an' the woods air full o' berries and grapes in season. Ez fer vegetables, these mountings air too steep ter plant, an' thar's not room between 'em fer a crap. We hev roas'n' ye'rs an' peas an' beans an' I tries ter hev a patch o' cabbage an' turnip greens. Sech ez hit is, they hev a plenty, but what they likes mos'ly air hawg an' hominy an' surrup an' coffee."

## The Salamander

"Yaas'm, we had 'em all weighed an' medgered endurin' o' the war. The doctor an' nurse said they wuz powerful little fer ther age, but we didn't need ter be tol' that. They said the chillen mus' have milk an' eggs an' fruit an' vegetables, but they didn't say how we wuz ter git 'em. An they mus' have ther tonsils tuk out an' ther teeth fixed an' what not, but never mentioned who wuz a goin' ter pay the bill. I never said nothin' but I could a tol' 'em it wuz chillin' what tuk the meat offen ther bones, an' takin' so much medicine what ruint ther teeth.

"O' co'se we had sickness at the cotton mill befo' we come ter the lumber camp, but we wusn't sick the whole endurin' time. Fust off we had the flu when everybody wuz down with it. Then we all come down with measles, mammy an' pappy, my two married brothers an' ther famblies, an' Homer an' Homer Junior an' me, thirteen all at oncet. The mill doctor an' nurse tuk keer on us but they didn't aim fer us ter lay off later. Seemed like they wouldn't believe that

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it ruins a man ter go back ter work in less'n six months arter havin' measles, but it sho fixed po' pappy. We had ter live, so somebody jes natu'ally had ter work. Pappy said he'd take a chance on it, so him an' Lettie an' me got jobs an' lef' Ruthie an' the men folks ter min' the chillen. Pappy wuz too ole fer a mill han' so he worked outside, an' the white glarey san', it jes' about blinded him.

"Soon ez the six months wuz up we pulled out an' come hyar. We knowed in reason there wouldn't be much schoolin' in a lumber camp, but we 'lowed ef we could git away from sech a passle o' chillen, our'n wouldn't be ketchin' everything from devilment ter measles. But we sho jumped from the fryin' pan into the fire. The rainy season struck camp jes about time we did, an' I never seed sech a sight. The lan' lies low an' the water jes' natu'ally caint run off so it back up, an' this whole camp wuz under water. O' co'se ther wuzn't no work fer nobody. They lef' the tents an' shacks an' piled us into freight cars an' carried us ter higher groun'. Thar we staid till the water went down. We wuz packed in like sardines an' the sun wuz powerful hot, an' yer never seed so many snakes an' turtles, or heered so many frogs a bellerin' every night like bulls. Then hyar come the skeeters an' gnats an' flies, an' the chillen already had the itch among 'em, so the po' little critters looked like they had the measles ergin an' had been runnin' in the briar patch ter boot.

"No screens ner nets could hol' them skeeters, an' twuzn't no time till we all come down with chills an' fever. The company doctor poured quinine down us till the chillen could eat it outen ther han' like sugar, but I wuz too fur erlong with Jimmie hyar ter be takin' quinine, an' I reckon I tried twenty-five diff'ent kin's o' medicine. The man at the commissary said he had sol' $2,000 wuth o' chill tonic in six months, an' some o' that money come outen our pocket. It'd a bought a right smart o' milk an' eggs fer our chillen.

"We buys Eagle Bran' fer coffee but we jes' cain't give 'em milk ter drink. O' co'se we lives outen paper bags an' tin cans but it sho ain't cos we likes it. Ef anybody thinks they kin have cows an' chickens an' gyardens in a mill town or a lumber camp, let 'em try it oncet.

"I knows my chillen is skinny, but they is all I got, an' I'm a doin' the bes' I kin. Nobody cain't do no mo'."

## Scipio Africanus

"Lawd no, chile, we ain't got no cow ner chickens, an' nothin' but dis piece o' house ter kiver our haids, an' hit don' kiver 'em lessn de sun is shinin'," and a genial smile disclosed the brilliant white teeth, thick lips, and satiny skin of the genuine African.

Pinning a lone, buttonless garment over the glistening nakedness of her first-born, and wiping with the corner of her apron the greasy face and hands of her second-born, she sent them out in the road to play, calling after them: "Min' what I tol' yer 'bout dat ditch." Picking up the latest addition to the family, she proffered the time-honored solace to a whimpering baby and explained: "We sho hez a time wid dese chillen. Tain't no place fer 'em ter play but in de road an' de road means de ditch what sluices de fiel'. Dey jes natu'ally cain't keep outen dat water an' hits not fitten ter play in. De bottom is so sof' an' slippy dat when dey falls in dey hez ter be pulled out, an' dey not gwine ter be satisfied till one on 'em gits drownded."

"Why ain't we got a yard? Why, cos de boss man ain't sesso. Eve'thing in sight b'longs ter him. When he say 'come,' we comes, an' when he say 'go,' we goes. He 'lows niggers is so triflin' dese days dat dey burns up the fence rails an' de cow an' chicken houses fas'er'n he kin build 'em, an' hit sho is de truf wid some on 'em. We kin keep geese fer dey cleans de grass outen de fiel', good ez a choppin' han', but dawgs an' hawgs an' cows an' chickens an' sech—no, mam, not on dis place," emphatically. "Co'se some boss mans is diff'ent, but in dese parts ef a man raises rice or cotton, hits rice or cotton plumb ter de fron' do' an' de back." She laid the sleeping child, full to overflowing, in the midst of a feather bed and covered him with a limp, soiled piece of mosquito netting.

"What does de chillen eat? Why bread an' meat. De boss man runs a commissary whar yer kin git flour an' meal an' white belly an' coffee, an' sorghum in season, ef yer hez de price."

"That may do for you and your husband, but children need fresh food."

"Well, dey hez fresh po'k ev'y hawg killin' time, 'bout Christmas; an' whenever de groun' is water soaked an' not fitten ter work, we goes afishin' an' brings in a nice mess o' cat or perch or brim. Dey sho fries good."

"But no greens or fruit?"

"Lawd, lady, we ain't used ter dem fixin's. My chillens eats what dey kin git, an' fer ez I kin see, dey gits along all right. O' co'se dey hez de ague an' summer complaint. Seem lak dey jes cain't git th'u de summer widout dat, an' hit las'es plumb till col' weather. Two o' my babies died dat-a-way. Sence den, Scip Junior w'ars a cricket's nes' an' Pearl Virginia a bunch o' dawg tushes, an' Eph hyar hez de ye'r bones of a rat in a little bag roun' his neck," displaying the treasured charm which protected the sleeping baby.

"Dey's good chillen ef I does say it, an' dey not hard haided nuther, even ef dey haids is long an' hangs over dey faces lak dey daddy's. Dey sho gits dat from Scip," laughing, "but I dunno whar dey gits dey holler chists an' pot bellies, less'n hits eatin' so much all de time. Dey eats all day an' I reckon dey'd eat all night ef I'd stay up an' feed 'em," handing out two slabs of corn pone and fat meat to the ebony specimens peering in hungrily at the door.

"Yaas'm, Eph is a right peart little feller but he's powerful slow about walkin'. I reckon dats on account o' his bow laigs. Some folks sez he's got rickets, but I reckon he's jes natu'ally lazy. Dey tells me ef yer drive a nail th'u de shell of a tarrypin an' rub de warm blood up an' down the back an' laigs of a rickety chile, he'll walk off ez bresh ez anybody. He's sho got ter walk ef he's ever gwine ter school."

"Have you a school near the plantation?"

"Well, hit's nigh when de roads is good, but hit seems a right smart piece when de creek backs up an' ev'ything is under water. I reckon Scip Junior'll be goin' nex' ye'r an' I hope he gits mo' schoolin' 'n his mammy an' daddy. We bof went ter school off an' on, but we plumb fergot eve'ything but how ter scribe our names. Eddication sho is a good thing fer dem dat hez it.

"Yaas'm, thank yer, mam, I'll do mer bes'. Good bye ter yer." Then—"You Scip an' Pearl Virginia, come in dis house 'fo' yer falls in dat ditch."

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# In the Driftway

FROM An Ardent Admirer, who is otherwise anonymous, the Drifter has just received the following communication, with the admirable sentiments with which he cannot but agree:

> Dear Sir: I know you as a friend of the poor and oppressed and I am therefore writing to ask you to do something for me. I am a poor man who has just had a vacation; not an extensive one, but just a little, innocent holiday in the course of which I never harmed a dumb beast or neglected to reward my fellow-man as requested from time to time. Now I have come back to work and I find work impossible. Man was not made for work. Nevertheless, I am compelled to seek my livelihood and have nothing to look forward to in the future except another vacation followed by another resumption of toil. What I would like you to do is to write your Congressman, if you can remember who he is, asking him to introduce suitable legislation abolishing either vacations or work. I know, dear Sir, that you have Influence; I know you never work yourself and are therefore not troubled with my problem; I know, if you will, that you have both leisure and power to Do Something. What will It BE? I am hopefully yours.

* * * * *

THE Drifter cannot but be flattered by the suggestion that he has so much authority, but he assures his correspondent that he attained to his present state of emancipation from toil by hard labor; every man must learn for himself the secret. Still, he remembers well the days, long ago, when he, too, returned to duty after idleness. He remembers the falling feeling in the region of his midriff as the familiar scenes once more thrust themselves on his eyes; he remembers going around in a sort of daze, doing old tasks, until in a few hours he found it impossible to believe that he had ever been absent from them. There are, of course, persons who pretend that they are foaming with eagerness to get back to their jobs. "Oh, yes," they say, "we had such a lovely time in Timbuctoo, but naturally we are simply dying to see our desk again because we have stored up such quantities of energy that only work will dispose of it properly." The Drifter scorns such hypocrisy. He agrees with his correspondent that man was not made for work, but would be much happier supporting himself and family on roots and berries under a tent of bramble branches.

* * * * *

FORTUNATELY there are two solutions of this perplexing problem. One is to work fourteen hours a day for forty years with no holiday whatever, after which a kind fate may have provided either rest from all labor in the earth or a competence to end one's days in peace. The other is to persuade some easily gulled person with ample means that you are working when you are merely doing what you like.

* * * * *

THE latter is the harder way, but on the whole the Drifter recommends it. There are persons so happy as to have discovered some such system early in life. They roam about the world or stay comfortably at home, according to their inclination, and each month their stipend arrives to keep away the danger of starvation and the necessity of a holiday.

THE DRIFTER

# Correspondence

## We Make Him Mad

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am a subscriber and constant reader of *The Nation*, and it exasperates me and makes me mad every week, and always has. I have often wondered why, and but recently discovered the cause. It is because *The Nation* always, constantly, consistently, and exasperatingly stands for Jesus Christ and His gospel. When I was a little Sunday-school boy my teacher tried to make me love Jesus; but the best I could do was to respect Him. I did not like the company He kept—publicans and sinners and the exploited and unprivileged. They do not bathe often enough and they smell of dirty linen. I love wealth, prosperity, good clothes, good dinners, and respectability. *The Nation* is for the poor, the unprivileged, the exploited, the Negro, the I. W. W., and all that sort of thing. That is what exasperates me. But I suppose you can't help it. I am a Pharisee and a Federalist of the Alexander Hamilton and John Adams school. I adore this monarchical republic they founded where wealth and privilege is securely intrenched behind its Constitution and laws against the hungry and predatory masses.

I shall vote for Coolidge and the Republican Party as the party of predatory wealth and privilege. With Horace I cry: "Odi profanum vulgus et arceo."

I was in a furious revival service down in Maine one summer in a camp-meeting. The evangelist cried: "All who want to go to heaven stand up!" All stood except the storekeeper, Old Dudley. "O Brother Dudley, Brother Dudley! Don't you want to go to heaven?" You ought to have seen the look of scorn with which the old man looked around on the crowd and said: "Not in this yere crowd, thank you!"

CHARLES EDWARD STOWE

*Santa Barbara, California, August 12*

## Progressive Latin-Americans

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The La Follette-Wheeler headquarters recently issued a statement to the effect that groups of American citizens of Latin-American birth had given assurances that naturalized Latin-Americans would vote the La Follette-Wheeler ticket. Unfortunately for the outcome of the election, the number of votes that might be obtained by La Follette, or by the three parties combined, from naturalized Latin-Americans could hardly exceed four figures in the whole country. The reason is that Latin-Americans seldom renounce allegiance to their fatherland or become citizens of a country which is not their own.

It is safe to assert that of all the Latin-Americans and Spaniards who immigrate into the United States only about 1 per cent become American citizens. The Spaniards are the most likely to change their nationality, next come the Cubans, perhaps, and last the Mexicans. In a Broadway play recently the sarcastic statement was made that "even the Mexicans think their country is wonderful," and, reasonably or not, this is an incontestable fact. This is true also of all the Indohispanic peoples. We do not believe in trading nationalities, just as we do not believe in trading religions. Mexicans are Roman Catholics as a rule, and in spite of the active propaganda of American missionaries they do not often become Protestants. When a Mexican ceases to be a Catholic it is to become a freethinker; if he ceases to be a Mexican it is to become a citizen of the world.

Notwithstanding the foregoing remarks, the Spanish-speaking vote of the United States—not naturalized, but native born—is important, particularly in the South and Southwest. These American citizens, sympathetic with their brothers south of the Rio Grande, with similar feelings and emotions, can express

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their sentiments by the vote. They represent, furthermore, a force committed to all possible safeguards for the weak, checks upon the powerful, and to an effort toward peace and universal happiness.

We Mexicans may forgive but not forget the strenuous efforts of governments representing the two traditional parties to alienate from us the affection of the American masses and to make us hate the Americans, efforts which have been fruitless perhaps because they were against the law of nature. Deep i the heart of the common people is the feeling that men who toil for humanity are bound together in a common struggle for truth, comfort, and beauty.

If Senator La Follette had no record and were a newcomer in the arena, he would have the sympathies of the Indo-hispanic races in recognition of his bravery, prompted by a common defensive instinct against political machines and associated interests that have proved a menace to us. But the brilliant career of La Follette as Congressman, Governor, and Senator, particularly during the last decade, has won from us enduring admiration and respect. We, too, want to see the American banner true to its original purpose of freedom and love.

*New York, September 15* J. M. BEJARANO

## "Swashbuckling"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Once again having been grieved and surprised at finding in the pages of the treasured *Nation* the word "swashbuckling," one of my pet aversions, I am constrained to remind you that the true function of the swashbuckler is not to buckle his swash, but to swash his buckler. The word "swashbuckling" is therefore plainly to be seen as a misbegotten enormity.

"Swashbucklering"—yes, by all means, if one wants an adjective, but, pray, leave "swashbuckling" to the feature writers of the plute press who are much addicted to the word.

*New York, September 7* ROBERT H. EDWARDS

## Europe at Peace!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps the following note escaped the vigilance of the press correspondents. It appeared in the Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung*.

A few weeks ago several of the less conservative European newspapers published the testimony of the Hungarian adjutant, Danics, who was sentenced in Budapest to four weeks' arrest for conduct unbecoming an officer. The charge against Danics was that he blinded one man and smashed another's leg. This all happened, so the adjutant averred, in carrying out duties assigned to him. Part of the adjutant's testimony follows:

> To hang fifty men, to dig fifty graves—I ask you, gentlemen, to place yourselves in my position! When the dirty commune was beaten, I was ordered to hang the dirty communists. So, in Szegedin, I strung up fifty of the bums. From there we went to Komorn, for the dirty bums tried to start something there. Colonel Pronay commanded me to hang anyone who showed himself unpatriotic. In Komorn we drank a lot of wine, and on the way home we met several citizens of the town. They were carrying on unpatriotic conversations, and so we beat them up and then went back to the barracks.
>
> Altogether there were twenty-four men in my detachment, and they all had a hand in hanging the communists. Suddenly someone appeared—I believe the military patrol. I didn't think they were soldiers, and we started to club them out of the saloon. We were drunk, for four of us had just finished fourteen liters of wine. . . . Yes, sir, we had to drink on this job or our nerves would have given way. Put yourselves in my place, gentlemen; I defended the fatherland against these dirty bums. . . . My nerves are all shot to hell. . . . Three months it took—I shoveled graves for every one I hanged. . . . To hang fifty men, to dig fifty graves. . . . A feller's got to do a lot of tall drinking on such a job.

Peace, so I believe, has been *declared* in Europe!

*Vienna, July 9* JEROME LACHENBRUCH

## The Alien's Dilemma

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During the past few months my attention has been directed to the matter of citizenship for aliens.

I find that a large number of applicants, in every way desirable as prospective citizens, are denied citizenship on the expressed ground of the wife's presence in a foreign country. In many cases the judges tell the applicants: "Your citizen papers will be granted as soon as your wife resides with you in this country." When the applicant, however, takes steps to bring his wife to this country, he is confronted by the immigration bureau's policy of not admitting wives of immigrants unless the latter are American citizens!

The result is anomalous. Citizenship is refused because of the wife's non-emigration to the country, and permission to emigrate is denied because of the man's non-citizenship!

I would be extremely thankful to any reader or government official if he or she would enlighten me in this matter so that I may be in a position to give counsel to the scores of applicants who come to me for assistance.

*New York, June 24* LEON A. MALKIEL

## Is the Bar Association K.K.K.?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer of this communication happens to be one of your subscribers who is white, Gentile, and Protestant; who believes the Ku Klux Klan is perhaps the most insidious and dangerous organization today in America; who is convinced that Negroes, Jews, and Catholics are entitled to their political rights under our Constitution equally with our citizens who are not Negroes, Jews, or Catholics.

Now that august society, the American Bar Association, posing as the semi-official national representative of what the Constitution of the United States really means, never inquires of a lawyer applying for membership whether he be Jew or Gentile, whether he be Protestant, Catholic, or agnostic; and this of course is entirely in order and as it should be. But the men in control of the American Bar Association do insist that the applicant state his color; and if he be a decent, honest Negro lawyer (I happen to know quite a number) he is *not* allowed to join.

Now I ask you in all earnestness if the American Bar Association is not logically 33 1/3 per cent Ku Klux Klan?

Or is it a mere social club?

If it be the latter, all right to exclude colored lawyers of course; but let it cease to pose as an oracle of American citizenship. And let it cease to urge closer and more friendly relations with our fellow-nationals in the West Indies and South America. A very large proportion of the learned and honest lawyers in those countries show more or less color.

*Washington, July 26* NILDO

## Another Dominant Female

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Vaerting forgot an authority at least as reliable as Herodotus and some of the others quoted in that article. Among the Jiggses, where the woman is dominant, the female, according to McManus, has almost twice the bulk and stature of the male.

*New Preston, Conn., September 12* ROBERT L. WOLF

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# Books

## Upton Sinclair Scores Again

*The Goslings, A Study of the American Schools.* By Upton Sinclair. Pasadena, California: Upton Sinclair. Cloth, $2; paper, $1.

UPTON SINCLAIR has a simply appalling appetite for scandal and an incomparable ability for getting it before his readers in an interesting fashion. His world is an old building which, though outwardly strong, is inwardly rotten and ready to collapse. So Mr. Sinclair with a lantern and some tools sneaks in and taps the timbers, knocks off the disguising plaster, and then publishes his findings to the world. The light he flashes into the dark recesses he investigates is not a steady white beam, but luridly and terribly red. And he works at headlong speed.

"The purpose of this book," he writes, "is to show how the invisible government of big business which controls the rest of America has taken over the charge of your children" in the public schools. The pattern into which the matter falls is essentially that of "The Goose-Step"; there is a great deal of melodrama. The matter is also essentially the same, as is indicated by such chapter headings as The Spy System, Lies for Children, Schools of Mammon, Boston in Bondage, Poison Pictures, Schools of Steel, The Country Geese, etc. The criticisms which may be leveled against that book may be leveled against this: (1) Mr. Sinclair is overnaive in his interpretations of the motives of authorities and fails to attribute enough importance to the force of association in the formation of conservative opinions, and he fails to acknowledge that there are honest conservatives as well as honest radicals. (2) He fails to make clear that the purpose of education is not to make Sinclairian radicals. (3) He recognizes that "the classroom teachers are the ones we must depend upon if education is to be improved," but he fails to emphasize that most teachers are honest supporters of the *status quo* and that teachers dissatisfied with the accepted ideas are as rare as dissatisfied Rotarians.

Yet if he fails to emphasize the limitations of teachers, he knows what they are, for he passingly summarizes them thus: "The present status of the American school-teacher is that of a wage slave, an employee of the school board and the superintendent; it is not the status of a free citizen, nor of a professional expert." This summary is beyond cavil. No other group which is at least potentially professional submits to such absurd and snooping regulation of its private conduct. It is no accident that most school-teachers are excessively nervous, because sex-starvation is forced upon them, male and female. The intolerable dulness of the conversation of the teacher outside of school hours, the constant harking back to professional concerns, and usually the most petty of those concerns, is simply the result of the stifling of all spirit of intellectual adventure. Vast numbers of school-teachers live in daily fear of losing their jobs, and the women in particular, in proportion to the number of years they have taught, are willing to make concessions to outrageous demands because of the difficulty of transferring to other less regulated work. As Sinclair notes, when conditions become too bad only the least adventurous remain. The objection that teachers have no professional standards is easy to make, but how to remedy the situation presents difficulties. Many teachers are such with the help of God and their A. B.'s, others teach a year or two after college graduation to "discover" themselves, and others through sheer incompetence in other fields become teachers to justify Bernard Shaw: "Those who can, do; those who cannot, teach." The only remedies adopted thus far to raise professional standards are as bad as the evils. The requirement of courses in silly methods, given by lordly nincompoops, in no way raises competency. Some of the finest teachers are, methodologically speaking, inferior, and some of the worst have endless methodology. What seems to be needed is some way of excluding from the teaching group those who are not interested in instructing youths, or who have no intellectual enthusiasms.

Sinclair looks to unions to remedy many of these conditions:

> In general, what I say is that school-teachers of the United States should have their professional organizations, and should run these organizations; they should establish professional standards, setting down not merely their rights, but also their duties; they should hold their members to these duties, and should maintain these rights against all comers, including superintendents and school boards. I say that teachers should do this, not merely for their own welfare, but for the welfare of the schools; I say that it is necessary both for the schools and for the children that teachers should cease to be rabbits, and should become self-respecting and alert citizens.

This is his important constructive suggestion. It would be a source of satisfaction to me if I could honestly say that I expect teachers to do this very shortly, and that Utopia is around the corner. But a mournfully realistic habit of mind makes me turn to this study as being a truthful portrait of the teacher, past, present, and future:

> The teacher is a "lady" in 95 per cent of cases—and in the other 5 per cent the teacher is a "gentleman." The teacher belongs to the white-collared class and receives a monthly salary—never the degrading weekly stipend known as "wages."

It is sad but true that teachers are snobs, fools, hypocrites, incredibly stupid as to their interests, what you will; but some do arouse themselves from coma, as Mr. Sinclair records. They are, as remarked before, rare. I suspect that school-teachers belong to the class of people who support the social system they work in no matter what it may be, and that if Mr. Sinclair's Utopia were realized they would no more sabotage that system than they do the present one.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

## What Is Sex?

*The Mechanism and Physiology of Sex Determination.* By Richard Goldschmidt. Translated by William J. Dakin. George H. Doran Company. $6.

THE insistent demands of their experiments are usually so exhausting that biological investigators seldom consider the possibility of giving comprehensible explanations of the bearing of their seemingly pointless findings. Scientific language grows more and more complicated with each new finding; for new ideas, like new wine, are unsafe in old conveyors. Hence the results of the experiments are embalmed in the strict accuracy of terms technically defined.

Goldschmidt's present book is a notable exception; in the midst of his creative life he fits together his own results and the related bits of truth from all corners of the earth into a set of mature deductions—a strictly scientific purpose. At the same time he has invited general readers to enter along with the specialists. He gives the necessary elementary introductions; he keeps the main points clear of the multitudinous details; he defines his terms. The result is not a complete Open Sesame to his subject, but it is a half-opened door through which the adventurous uninitiated may slip into a new world.

One does not get far into this book without realizing how much broader is the meaning of the word sex to a biologist than to others; how utterly different are his sex problems from those of the layman. Popularly, sex and sex problems refer to sexual desire and mating in man. Biologically, mating is an incidental matter; the great emphasis is upon processes that precede mating—the formation of the sex cells, the relation of their color bodies (chromosomes) to maleness and femaleness and to heredity, the mechanics of sex determination, the physiology of sexual development, the meaning of individuals that have structures of both sexes at once. Indeed the analysis of such problems has gone so far that Goldschmidt considers the

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essential purpose of sex independent of mating and reproduction. For instance, in the Paramecium or slipper animalcule the usual method of reproduction is for one animal simply to divide itself into two equal parts by a central constriction; at times a sort of mating takes place in which two individuals are fused, and after an elaborate reorganization within each one, there occurs a mutual exchange of certain substances. After separating, the rate of subsequent divisions is increased. Except for the greater independence of mating and reproduction, this closely parallels the sexual processes in higher animals, in which the formation of the sex cells involves a similar elaborate reorganization of the cell contents. Now it has been found that mating is not at all necessary, as these animalcules have been prevented from uniting for thousands of generations without influencing the division rate or the vigor of the race. At intervals the generations follow more slowly; at such times it was discovered that the animals were undergoing the same complete reorganization that previously had been observed only at the time of mating. Here then is a case in which mating may be completely eliminated and the internal reorganization will alone accomplish the same effect upon reproduction. Worn-out material, toxic substances accumulate after a certain number of generations; these must be eliminated if the race is to continue; this elimination is what the reorganization accomplishes, and is the essential sex process.

The case of the Paramecium illustrates Goldschmidt's conception that all the varied manifestations of sex which are found throughout the animal kingdom are the outcome of the periodic need of a thorough spring house-cleaning, making it possible for generation to follow generation to the end of time. Sex, to a biologist, instead of being scented with shame or obscenity, is recognized as life's method of winning immortality.

The study of sex reaches into all branches of biology. Indeed the most important advances that Goldschmidt describes have come from putting side by side results obtained from diverse and at one time isolated fields. For instance the mechanism that accounts for the normal distribution of sex to the offspring has been revealed by combining the conclusions from breeding experiments on Mendelian heredity with those from the microscopic study of cells. The correlation of the microscopic studies and the breeding work has shown that the determiners of Mendelian characters are distributed to the germ cells by means of structures within the nuclei of the cells (the chromosomes); further it has been found that in most animals half the reproductive cells in one sex contain an odd chromosome. Now it is concluded that the mechanism for the distribution of the chromosomes in the formation of the germ cells is that by which both typical Mendelian characters and sex are normally distributed to the offspring. The sex of an individual is primarily determined at the time of fertilization by the number of chromosomes brought together by the egg and sperm.

Goldschmidt's own investigations have been concerned particularly with the intersexual types produced when certain species of moth are crossed. His findings have led to the formation of a theory that sex is determined by the quantitative relations of two basic substances in the chromosomes, one substance determining maleness and the other femaleness. In normal cases the presence or absence of the odd chromosome shifts the balance of these substances so that one or the other has complete control. In rare cases the relation of the odd chromosome to the others is not adjusted so as to swing the course of development all the way to one side or the other, and the individual starting out as one sex may switch over at some stage and continue development as the other sex. In this way all degrees of intermediate sexual characters were found, from males that looked almost completely female to females that looked male.

The chapter on man illustrates vividly the service that has been rendered by the detailed experimental study of animals that in themselves have no human significance; for here it is shown that the data from man, by themselves, have contributed little more than general support to the present biological understanding of sex. In man, as in most lower animals, sex control—the power to make a given individual develop as a male or as a female—is a thing of the future.

E. Carleton MacDowell

## America's Foremost Composer

*The Boyhood of Edward MacDowell.* By Abbie Farwell Brown. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

MISS BROWN adds to our knowledge of MacDowell's boyhood. She does not add much, but that is not her fault, for as she says the record is meager, supplied by the recollections of Dr. Charles MacDowell, cousin and early playmate of the composer, and by Mrs. MacDowell's memory of her husband's conversation. A good deal of the first half of the book, it must be confessed, is supplied also by fancy and embroidery, and it is not always clear to the reader whether Miss Brown is reporting an episode verbatim as MacDowell told it to his wife, or whether she is reconstructing the scene and the conversation out of her own head. This perplexity is increased by the style of the book, the diluted and disposed-to-be-helpful manner used in some stories for children. There is no statement that Miss Brown intended it for children; on the contrary, she says that the story of this boyhood "should have significance in helping to interpret the quality of the music of our first great American composer." The adult reader, however, finds a good deal of this sort of thing, as on page 3:

> Now, if you should happen to take the right train out-of-the-world; and if you should find your proper way to a certain hill-crest, when you had reached the station among young mountains; and if you did not get lost in the winding paths of the mysterious wood of which I have been telling—you might come suddenly upon this cabin perched high and apparently empty. You would certainly be tempted to climb up on the platform and look about. And you would probably try the latch of the little bark door. But it would be locked. Then, I am sure, however polite you are, you could not help peeping in at the latticed window, hung with cobwebs outside—(for the spiders are curious, too). You would flatten your nose against the glass and stare, long and eagerly, into the dim interior, trying to make out what was there. And if you did not know what I am going to tell you in this book, I am sure you would be surprised and puzzled and you would whisper:
>
> "Surely, at last I have found the home of the fairies? This cannot be real. It must be the house of a fairy-tale. Look! I can almost see the story. Hush! I can almost hear it in faint music!"

This reference to the famous log-cabin at the composer's home, and many other passages in the book, would suggest that Miss Brown's inspiration and the subject she really has at heart is Peterborough, pervaded and dedicated by his memory, and generously converted by Mrs. MacDowell into a summer colony for creative artists. This unique institution, too little known and appreciated as yet by the American people, is one of the beautiful things that came to us from MacDowell's life; we are not likely to hear too much of it, and we are grateful to Miss Brown for the fine account of it at the end of her book. But no connection is established between the composer's boyhood and Peterborough, any more than between his boyhood and his music. He was a normal boy, who liked sports and the outdoors, and preferred the country to the city. There have been many like him—except for the genius, and in his case, as always, genius is not to be explained.

The reader is tempted to make a guess as to how this book suggested itself to Miss Brown, and why its theme seems to be something other than MacDowell's boyhood. At Peterborough she felt the strong influence of his charming personality, and reverently handled, she tells us, the very books that he loved as

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a child, some of them with pictures that he had colored. These, and the drawings in his sketch-book, were enough in those surroundings to evoke the image of a fortunate childhood, such as we ought to be told of. But when it came to transferring the image to paper, with the stimulating environment of Peterborough withdrawn, the story proved too brief. Miss Brown then went on to sketch the entire life of the composer, bringing most of her book under its title by the thesis that MacDowell always remained a boy at heart. This thesis seems misleading, except as all genius keeps something of childhood in it. MacDowell's reputation as a musician suffers as yet from the fact that though most people know his little things, like the "Wild Rose," few know his big achievements—the orchestral works, the sonatas, the brilliant Second Concerto, the best of the songs—on which his reputation as a master rests. His memory will be cherished very inadequately if we are to think of him as a man with the heart of a boy; true as that account may be, he had also a fine and highly trained mind, and in his personality was felt first of all the magic of varied and truly mature culture. The present reviewer sat in some of his classes at Columbia, and recalls that even in the university environment MacDowell was distinguished by the range of his intellectual background and by his cosmopolitan sense of what was going on in the world. Something of this MacDowell Miss Brown indicates in the last chapters of her book, where she describes his life at Peterborough, and where, as it seems, she has got back to her real theme.

MacDowell's life was singularly beautiful, and the charm of it is in Miss Brown's pages. But the legend of so big a man should be complete, and sentimentality should be kept out of it.

JOHN ERSKINE

## Trivia

*Fancies Versus Fads.* By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.

*Solomon in All His Glory.* By Robert Lynd. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

MODERNISTS and quidnuncs both owe Mr. G. K. Chesterton a constantly increasing debt of gratitude. He has taught the former that sharp sayings can be made to cut both ways; the latter the ancient strategy that the best defense is an offensive. The rest of us he diverts by his constant high spirits and by a continuous performance of stylistic calisthenics which would soon reduce a less ample and facile essayist to catabolic disaster, and a sad, quiet acquiescence in prohibition and Methodism. Fortunately, neither Mr. Chesterton's pen nor his spirit shows signs of wavering, and from certain sly, jocular references in his new collection of essays, "Fancies Versus Fads," we may happily infer that his shadow is not growing less.

These "notes," "sketches," "visions," "idle journalistic jottings," or "frivolous essays," as Mr. Chesterton in graceful self-depreciation variously calls the contents of his volume, "concern all sorts of things from lady barristers to cave-men, and from psychoanalysis to free verse." Yet there is unity in their variety. Here, all under one tent, we have almost a complete collection of Chesterton's antipathies. He is opposed to free verse, Madame Montessori, anything denominated "modern," "movements," prohibition, simplicity, complexity, reform, eugenics, educational theorists, the simple life, vegetarianism, liberated women, and "Darwinism"—to catalogue just a few of the topics upon which Chesterton alights with devastating effect.

In an essay on Milton and Merry England Mr. Chesterton gives an invaluable little autobiographical note. "My first impulse to write, and almost my first impulse to think, was a revolt of disgust with the decadents and the aesthetic pessimism of the nineties."

The green carnation has long since faded. Now, Mr. Chesterton writes his intellectual autobiography in a tasteful script formed of the corpses of slain faddists and philistines. Chesterton does not speak with the voice or passion of a Carlyle. But he sometimes cries out in Carlyleian accents, and with a gusto which approximates passion, against the Time-Spirit, against a regimented morality, a vulgar democracy, a timorous intelligentsia, and the slavery imposed upon the great masses of men by an industrial society and the Nonconformist Conscience.

Even the most devoted Tory must deplore Chesterton's too great fondness for the proof by analogy—most vivid, but most dangerous of all polemical methods. Too often the analogy is sheer fantasy, ingenious but inconclusive, and so leaves him who gets slapped safe and comfortable in his preconceptions. Yet we must always grant this of the Chestertonian method of balancing two lunacies: that more often than not he makes apparent in a clear, cold light the central point of sanity. So let us cherish Mr. Chesterton. He is our one perfect specimen of the reactionary militant. He has a positive genius for being unfashionable; that's why he is so fashionable.

The exigencies of modern literary journalism have furnished Mr. Robert Lynd with his opportunity. Mr. Lynd is one of the younger British literary lions. He writes with grace and amenity, and a scope nicely adjusted to stringent space allotments and the insistent demand for vivacity and contemporaneousness. "Solomon in All His Glory" does not quite live up to the promise of an earlier volume, "Books and Authors." Mr. Lynd is more engaging when he is communicating his literary enthusiasms than as a guide to the picturesque in London's town life, or as a votary of Nature, or as the mellow commentator watching human traffic from his ivory tower.

The book contains no better sentence than this: "There is no doubt that it is becoming in an ever greater degree the tendency of newspapers to pay attention to poets who eat tulips." There you have Lynd's verve, his quaint turn of thought, his idiomatic prose style. Life is an urbane comedy of manners for the townsman-essayist, and the most urbane, the most comic, the most mannered element in his book is, as it must be, his own personality. There are twenty-seven sketches in the volume. Each is a sort of "silver screen" upon which is projected a one-reel drama, travelogue, or educational film, with Mr. Lynd always the protagonist, whether the play be Wild Life in London, Youth, Travel Talk, Beggars, or The Chocolate Bus.

GERALD HEWES CARSON

## A Rebel and a Leader

*The Last of the Heretics.* By Algernon S. Crapsey. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

HERE is the story of a boy who would not go to school. Here is a youth, called lazy and good-for-nothing, who drifted from city to city in search of a mission in life. But, here also, with humor and pathos, is the story of the dogged singleness of purpose and eloquent and intellectual brilliance with which that mission was fulfilled.

Here is seen the power of heredity to make environment. Algernon Sidney Crapsey was the youngest of a large and evidently rather free and headstrong family. His mother was a daughter of that Senator Morris of Ohio who denounced the evil of slavery and the compromises of Henry Clay in the Senate at a time when an Abolitionist was a social and economic heretic. At the age of six Algernon Crapsey was literally driven to school and through one entire term he refused to learn his letters. Whippings and pleadings at home and at school failed to shake his determination, and when at the age of eleven he rebelliously left school and announced that he had a job his family gave up in despair and let him go his own way. Thereafter he drifted from job to the army and from the army to one makeshift job after another, apparently getting nowhere. But eventually his wide reading, his constant study of preachers and actors, and the "Grey Man" of his boyhood filled his mind until, like an overcharged cloud, he exploded and sought the work for which, by heredity, he was fitted.

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With little or no formal religious training, after exposure to the warping filth of army camp and low-class business talk, this boy became one man in his time who lived the Sermon on the Mount so far as the modern world permitted. And with hardly a smattering of formal education before his twenties, he became not only an educated gentleman but a wise thinker, a great orator, and an able writer.

Here, too, is sincerity with its power to attract all sorts of people to a man who is willing to proclaim the truth and live for the things of the spirit. The book is full of the stories of men and women who loved Algernon Crapsey like a son. They might not understand what he was trying to do with his life, but they loved him for what he was—a truth-teller and a truth-seeker—whose highest ambition was to be a follower in the footsteps of Jesus. And when in later life it seemed as if the whole world had beaten a path to his door, the explanation lay in him: Here was a man who had literally followed his Master's bidding: fed the hungry, comforted the afflicted, loved his neighbor as himself.

CLARENCE R. LONG

## Books in Brief

*Apes and Angels.* By Richard Connell. Minton, Balch and Company. $2.

The device Maupassant employed and Bojer (in "The Power of a Lie") developed, of moving inevitably from an apparently trifling incident or casual remark to its tragic consequence, Mr. Connell turns to deft irony in the best of his stories of "apes playing angels, and remembering their halos while forgetting their tails." "Light tragedies," he calls the group, and they are most successful on the thin ice of humor that preserves his irony from bathos; he cannot quite convince us of the pathetic reality of his denouements. Without being imitative, Mr. Connell summons up memories: Fielding's burlesque of "Pamela," for instance, has its parallel with transposed sexes in the present travesty on the innocent country girl who comes to the city to be ruined. In a few of the tales, "accident" brings on the desired conclusion, but any accident is justifiable that helps produce the satirical picture of modern advertising efficiency in Son of a Sloganeer. The opening sentence of this story—"Mr. Bowser thumbed a buzzer"—is insidiously comic in its portentousness, and epitomizes the method by which the author keeps us chuckling through the volume.

*Speculations. Essays on Humanism and the Philosophy of Art.* By T. E. Hulme. Edited by Herbert Read. With a Frontispiece and Foreword by Jacob Epstein. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

A posthumous collection of papers on the philosophy of religion and art by a young Englishman who was killed in the war. He has hitherto been known to most Americans only through the five poems in free verse which Ezra Pound published in 1915 and which are reprinted here in an appendix. Although he considered himself an amateur in speculation, he was positive, original, and acute; and it would be difficult to say how much was lost to thought when he died at Nieuport in 1917. He had laid plans for a number of volumes which should develop the theory explicit in the present fragments—the theory that religion, ethics, and art have undergone a steady degradation since the Renaissance. The Renaissance, by rejecting absolutes (God) and embracing relatives (nature), created "that bastard, personality," and inaugurated a debauch which in philosophy means humanism, in ethics optimism or perfectionism, in art romanticism, vitalism, individualism. Hulme was in no sense orthodox; he did not ask for a literal return to the Middle Ages. But he hoped for the return of something corresponding to the doctrine of original sin—something, that is, which takes into account the essential futility of existence, the total inadequacy of nature, the permanent imperfection of man, and the definite reality of absolutes. His most fruitful speculations perhaps were in the field of art, where he championed those geometrical, abstract modes in modern sculpture, painting, and poetry which it seemed to him grew out of a sense in certain artists that nature, being insufficient and corrupt, needed to have imposed upon it the rigid forms of pure intellect. The graceful curves of nature flow nowhere; straight lines run to God. On so much evidence Hulme might be suspected of piety and despair. Instead, he was hard, sardonic, and pugnacious; his convictions grew out of free observation, his impatience was that of a true philosopher. He perfectly explains the sculpture of Epstein, and his pages on poetry throw much light on Maxwell Bodenheim, to take an American example—a poet who has entered the lists against sensuality and romance, fighting them with abstract diction and strictly intelligent metaphor. In the present volume historians of twentieth-century art may find the clearest and strongest expression of the spirit out of which it significantly came.

*The Fabulous Forties.* By Meade Minnigerode. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

An attempt to make the Early Victorian era amusing for us by collecting and annotating original data to show the comedy of Victorian manners. Mr. Minnigerode's contemporary material is not collected from state papers. Rather, he bends his search toward "forgotten plays and unremembered books, bright silks and satins, twinkling candelabra and vanished splendors." And so he does up the history and politics of the times, the domestic life, the New York stage, the books, the society, and the decade's great romantic climax—the Gold Rush of '49. Mr. Minnigerode has written with the vivacity his title demands, and succeeded in the not-too-difficult task of making an age other than our own look absurd.

*The Outsider.* Adapted by Joan Sutherland from the play of that name by Dorothy Brandon. Brentano's. $2.

A novel fabricated from the past season's play and filled with an abundant claptrap. The action depends largely upon a wondrous mechanical contrivance of vaudevillesque mysteriousness. The invention triumphs with a sensational flourish, the beloved loves with a gratifying timeliness, and the underdog inventor is admitted to the highest professional honors of the land. In short, fortune smiles—vacuously.

*Cheat-the-Boys.* By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

Aside from the variation in the industrial backgrounds of his tales, Mr. Phillpotts's novels are drawing precariously close to a set pattern. The apple-and-cider culture of the Devonshire orchards in this case provides a setting rather more juicy than the narrative.

# Drama

## A Problem

A CRITIC who went home after the first act of "Conscience" (Belmont Theater) would deserve to be forgiven, and yet he would miss some very genuine drama of which the beginning of the evening's proceedings gave not the slightest promise. When the curtain rises upon a lonely Alaskan hut swept by paper snow and reveals a very tiresome madman who summons ghosts from behind a black curtain that he may deliver to them vague harangues about the social system in general, the combination of melodramatic nonsense and intellectual pretentiousness suggests nothing so much as a feature film which has unfortunately learned to talk. One gathers that the hero is suffering from an undigested mass of doubtful metaphysics and also that he has done something which he is sorry for; but one wishes to be rid of him as soon as possible.

Yet when the action cuts back two years and concerns itself

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with some very real events in a very real American household it is immediately obvious that the author, instead of being, as might have been reasonably supposed, a scenario writer out of a job, is rather a dramatist capable of observation as shrewd, homely, and pertinent as the material of his first act was pretentious and vague. Moreover, as the piece proceeds the marvel grows, for in his story of a radical workman and his discontented wife he has seized upon a perfectly concrete example of the eternal conflict between man the visionary and woman the passionate conserver of the tangible values of home. He has not been kinder to this girl of limited intelligence and vulgar desires than justice demands; he has not hesitated to reveal the ignorance and the baseness which help to make her up; and yet withal he has made it abundantly clear why she clung with such passion to the bits of instalment-plan furniture which represent the sole triumph of her constructive instinct and why she rebelled against her husband, who seemed to her to be merely throwing himself away when he engaged in agitations and strikes which did nothing tangible except lose jobs for himself and his friends. The man is sustained by visionary enthusiasm, but she knows only that homes are broken up and life robbed of the cheap pleasures which alone she can enjoy; the result is an inevitable conflict for which no one is to blame and which is hence the very essence of drama. Somewhere the author has seen such a girl and seen her clearly enough to distinguish the conflicting elements which make her up. He has seen that womanly instinct to cling above all else to her own which makes her, even in her conflicts with her husband, the representative of a great and noble force; but he has seen also the streaks of vulgar selfishness which make her mean, and he has set both these things down. Yet after bringing his story to a definite conclusion he is capable of adding a wholly unnecessary fourth act in which he can relapse, literally and figuratively, into the world of paper snow and send his hero "out into the storm" to die in the most approved movie manner.

Hardly less interesting than the problem which the play has wished to present is the problem which it unconsciously raises: How is it possible that a man capable of the telling realism of the two middle acts can burden them with a first scene which seems calculated to drive spectators from the theater and with a fourth which does as much as it can to destroy the effect of what has gone before? These scenes are so utterly unnecessary as to suggest the possibility that they were merely tacked on to fill the time which a drama is conventionally supposed to occupy, but there are indications that such is not the case and that instead the author is suffering from a strange delusion as to the value of his work. In the first place these appendages are not apologetically called Prologue and Epilogue as they might have been, but appear instead as full acts, while the real play is paradoxically denominated an Interlude. Moreover the whole is not given some title which would suggest the real theme, but is called "Conscience"—as though the author had originally intended some vaguely bombastic story of a man driven to solitude and suicide by remorse, but had stumbled, half by accident, upon a real drama while casting about for an interlude to explain his play. Surely no stranger example of the author's proverbial lack of self-criticism can be found on the stage, but, fortunately, the problem is easily solved for the spectator. He can go late and come away early, yet still spend a more profitable evening than the average theater affords. Incidentally, Lillian Foster takes excellent advantage of her opportunity to make of the girl a figure at once mean and pitiful.

"Schemers" (Bayes Theater), which consists of a play within a play, is a completely abortive effort to demonstrate the wrongs which theatrical producers suffer at the hands of the critic. In the play the latter unanimously damn the piece which is presented for their approval, but damn it with such sufficient reason that, contrary to the author's intention, they are completely justified in the eyes of the spectator.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH


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# International Relations Section

## The Trade Union Congress, 1924

By HAROLD J. LASKI

*London, September 9*

THE Hull Congress was at least a great improvement upon the preceding congress at Plymouth. If it failed to show any genuinely creative spirit, at any rate there was completely lacking that temper of faction and discord which made Plymouth perhaps the most lamentable congress in recent years. And several forward steps were taken which, if small, may yet be ultimately significant. Above all, the Trade Union Council was given powers which, wisely used, may, for the first time, enable it effectively to coordinate the activity of the unions. Henceforth it is obligatory upon them to supply the council with information about their activities; and it will be able to intervene in disputes without being compelled to wait for an invitation. It cannot yet play the part of a general staff of labor; but I think most observers are coming to agree that there is much less unwillingness in the trade-union world to face the need of unity of command than there was a year ago. Secondly, and only less notable, was the universal adhesion to, and enthusiasm for, the Russian treaty. The tremendous campaign waged against it by the financial interests—a campaign unfortunately assisted, probably unwittingly, by the indiscretions of Mr. Snowden—has clearly been unable to divide the trade unions. They are sympathetic to Russia; they believe in the future of Russia; and they gave emphatic voice in their welcome to Tomski—the Russian fraternal delegate—to their conviction that the MacDonald Government must stand or fall by peace with Russia. Thirdly, there was a widespread sense among the delegates that though the Dawes Report must be accepted for the moment, it is only a phase in the economic reconstruction of Europe; that its dangers probably will be found to outweigh its advantages; and that the sooner the International Trade Union Movement prepares for its complete revision, the better it will be for the interests of the working class. A. J. Cook, the miners' secretary, secured the attention even of his own colleagues, when he declared that no political issue would be allowed to prevent the miners from putting their interests before those represented by the Dawes Report.

The hostility of the congress to the Communists was marked. All their resolutions were voted down; their speeches were listened to with reluctance and impatience. Especially noteworthy was the fact that overwhelming opposition compelled the withdrawal of a resolution in favor of independent working-class education. That was in fact an attempt to prevent the unions from supporting all such educational institutions as Ruskin College and the Workers' Educational Association, avowedly on the ground that their receipt of funds from non-union sources makes them "capitalist" in character. But the real purpose of the resolution was to confine trade-union support to the National Council of Labor Colleges, which is a rigidly Marxian movement. The absurdity of an attempt to describe a movement of which Mr. G. D. H. Cole is the leading figure as capitalist is too obvious to need analysis.

The congress revealed certain definite weaknesses which ought not to be passed over in silence. (1) It is too big to be effective. Debate is impossible on any subject in a real way. (2) The congress clearly tries to cover far too much ground. It would probably be a great improvement if all its hardy annuals were removed from its program and left to the Labor Party. It has not yet learned how to adjust itself to the new political importance labor has acquired. (3) There were few signs that any younger men are coming to the front to take the place of those leaders who are now in the Cabinet. The dominating figures in the congress, men like Purcell and Hicks, have all been well-known figures for twenty years. (4) The movement has still to face seriously the position of women in the trade-union world. The tendency is still to treat them as a handful of Cinderellas whose problems may be met by a resolution on which the congress need not spend too much time. (5) There is little effort to work a really effective program for the unions as a whole. The so-called charter has, doubtless, its value; but anyone with eyes to see must realize that there will be no real adequacy in the movement until it comes to grips with the problem of control in industry; and that means the united front which cannot be attained so long as the labor world is belittered with unnecessary unions.

I may perhaps add a word of disappointment at the effort of the fraternal delegates from America. Beyond an interesting reference to your labor banks, they confined themselves to a feeble echo of Mr. Gompers's worst pronouncements. And I do urge upon Americans a ten years' close season upon jokes about prohibition. The best of English labor is intensely interested in that experiment. If reference is to be made to it, let it at least be made in a spirit of critical understanding.

## The Palestine Problem

WHAT follows is reprinted from the London *Nation* of August 30:

It is perhaps as well that, apart from an anthropological exegesis of the racial divergencies between the Jews of Palestine and those of Central Europe by Colonel Williams, Palestine affairs escaped the attention of the House of Commons during the recent debate on the Middle East estimates. Otherwise Mr. Thomas might have been tempted to take advantage of the "unholy alliance" between the official Opposition and the Labor front bench on the issue of Irak to assume the assent of the House to the giving of a British Government guaranty for a loan which the Palestine Government is anxious to float, but can only float on condition that subscribers are guaranteed against loss at the expense of the British taxpayer.

Fortunately this matter must come up for specific consideration, and it will not be out of place to discuss in advance its more salient features in order that the British taxpayer and his representatives may know exactly where they stand. As in the case of Irak, the Government is chary of supplying the full information essential to the proper understanding of the subject. The plea of "continuity of policy" is again produced to justify a regime which is open to serious criticism, but for which Conservative support can confidently be counted on. Again the Labor Government consents, at the bidding of a Colonial Office department, to stepfather a policy which is not only intrinsically unsound, cutting as it does across the sentiment of 90 per cent of the population affected, but has depended for its survival till now on radically unsound financial administration.

Broadly speaking, Palestine costs the British taxpayer £1,000,000 a year for the upkeep of military forces necessary

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for the maintenance of the present (Zionist) regime in the face of overwhelming opposition. Apart from this, its annual revenue barely, on the most favorable showing, meets its annual expenditure—in point of fact, it substantially fails to meet it, as no provision has hitherto been made for the payment of interest and sinking-fund charges on its debt. The national debt of the country already amounts to £5,000,000 at a moderate estimate, and it now seeks a loan of £3,000,000, partly to repay about £2,000,000 of that debt, and partly to finance a grandiose harbor scheme at Haifa, which will cost about £1,000,000. On the completion of the loan transaction the national debt will amount to £6,000,000, involving an annual charge of £300,000 on the local revenues.

The Haifa harbor scheme would be sound enough for a country which could afford the luxury of anticipating a future, perhaps remote, demand for modern shipping facilities. Palestine is not such a country, and under present conditions Haifa's development will be Jaffa's doom. Jaffa will be ruined if such a scheme materializes, but it is necessary for the Palestine Government to hold out the bait of some large development work to justify application for a loan. The bulk of the loan is, of course, essential to the continuance of the present regime, which to the extent of £1,583,000 has been financed by advances made by the Crown Agents without parliamentary authority. The Crown Agents now require the money to regularize an irregular transaction, and, if it cannot be found, Palestine will, to all intents and purposes, be bankrupt. It might be urged that the British taxpayer is only being asked to guarantee a loan of £3,000,000 in order to secure repayment of the sum already advanced, but this is not really so, seeing that refusal of a guaranty must result in a drastic revision of our policy with a possible saving of £1,000,000 a year over an indefinite period.

The rest of the present national debt of Palestine is made up as follows: £2,190,000 owed to this country in respect of railways, telegraphs, and other works handed over to the Palestine Government at a low valuation on the termination of the military occupation in July, 1920; £640,000 due in respect of the last four years to the Ottoman Public Debt Council, and payable in twenty equal annuities; an unknown sum, not less than £300,000, due to the same council on account of special revenues collected during the military occupation—this claim is disputed, though to all appearances legally valid, as the revenues were collected by the military authorities under the Turkish law; a further unknown sum, probably £150,000, due to the Hejaz Railway administration on account of a special stamp tax allocated by Turkish law to the service of the railway; and other minor sums, together with interest on the sums above mentioned in respect of the past four years.

The financial situation of Palestine scarcely justifies the demand for further financial support. It is true that against the capital debt there are assets—railways, buildings, etc.—but these assets are not readily realizable. Their value is in ratio to the stability and prosperity of the country, which are themselves at the mercy of the political situation. The only solid asset is the presence of a military force at a cost of £1,000,000 a year to the British taxpayer, as long as he consents to keep it there and pay for it. Every financial commitment accepted by him lengthens the duration of this liability. It is time, therefore, for him to take stock of the situation, to judge of its prospects of stability, and, if not satisfied, to weigh the advantages and disadvantages to himself of the present position, and of any feasible modification of a regime which imposes an obligation on him in the interests of others.

The political situation is the key to the problem. The Balfour Declaration of November, 1917, laid down the broad lines of British policy in respect of Palestine. That declaration has been reaffirmed by each successive Government, including the present Labor Government. No sane person can desire its recall. For Jews and Arabs alike it represents a British promise on which there can be no going back. But a sound and reasonable regime safeguarding the rights and legitimate aspirations of all can be based on its terms without stretching them. It is true that extreme Zionists did, at the beginning, put on the declaration an interpretation it was incapable of bearing; but that phase is past beyond recall. It has left a legacy of suspicion and rancor which has been held officially to necessitate direct British administration with a strong bias in favor of Zionism. We cannot trust the Arabs to be fair to the Jews after their early experiences. The sooner that phase passes the better for all concerned, for the ideal of a Jewish National Home in Palestine is doomed by the continuance of a regime calculated to irritate and exasperate the Arabs beyond endurance.

Mr. Churchill and his successors have not been blind to this fact. But they have shrunk from facing it squarely. As in India and in Egypt, half-hearted concessions have been offered to the Arabs, who will only accept the genuine article. Barring the possibility of a Fascist reaction in British Eastern policy, they will get it, but, if they get it by their own efforts, the Jews will suffer as the Armenians are suffering for former European support in Turkey. We should try to avoid such a climax by being reasonable with the Arabs.

We recognize in principle that a democratic, constitutional regime in Palestine is the ideal to be aimed at. We have offered to set up a legislative council consisting of Arabs, Christians, and Jews, roughly in proportion to their respective numerical importance, but we have stripped that offer of reality by insisting on the inclusion in the council of a sufficient number of British officials to control its operations absolutely. The official members would, of course, vote solid under the High Commissioner's direction, and, combining with the Jews, they would outvote the Arabs and the Christians. A 90 per cent majority of the population can scarcely be expected to accept the position of a minority in the council. The deadlock leaves us with the continuance of Crown Colony government and a deadweight of popular hostility into the bargain.

It is unnecessary to discuss whether a Zionist High Commissioner can be absolutely impartial. The Arabs do not think so—nor do the Jews, who would not go to Palestine unless assured of a potential administrative majority. It is a pity that the High Commissioner is a Zionist and that other Zionists hold high positions in the Government, while Arabs do not. That defect should be rectified as soon as possible, but the obvious solution of the problem is to set up a purely representative council—as in Irak—and to stand by in our mandatory capacity to prevent oppression of minorities by the majority. That is our proper function. It would cost us less than the present regime. Above all, it would give the Jews a reasonable chance of realizing their legitimate aspirations. But they must relinquish the idea of Zionist domination in Palestine or even of a Jewish *imperium in imperio*, and we must not encourage such dreams.

## Contributors to This Issue

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